THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE:
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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ODE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Sung at the Essex County Agricultural Dinner.

One morning all the first and fair,
Poor Adam and his bride
Sat in the shade of Eden's wall—
But on the outer side.

They heard the air above them fanned,
A light step on the sward,
And lo! they saw before them stand
The angel of the Lord!

Behind them smiling in the morn,
Their forfeit garden lay;
Before them, wild with rock and thorn,
The desert stretched away.

She, blushing in her fig-leaf suit
Over the chaste garb of old;
He, sighing o'er his bitter fruit
For Eden's grapes of gold.

"Arise!" he said, "why look behind
Whose hope is all before,
And patient hand and willing mind
Your Lord may yet restore?

"I leave with you a spell whose power
Can make the desert glad,
And call around you fruit and flower
As rich as Eden had.

"I clothe your hand with power to lift
The curse from off your soil;
Your very doom shall seem a gift,
Your loss a gain through Toil.

"Go, cheerful as you humming-bees,
To labor as to play."
While gleaming over Eden's trees
The angel passed away.

The pilgrims of the world went forth
Obedient to the word,
And found wherever they might turn earth
A garden of the Lord!

Once more, oh, white-winged Angel, stand,
Where man still pines and grieves,
And lead through Toil to Eden-land,
New Adams and new Eves!

Pictures of Life.

THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

"Dear mother, I have good news for you," said Ellen Murray, a bright smile lighting up her face, as she entered the humble apartment which she called home.

"What is it, my dear?" inquired her mother; "I more than half expected that you would bring good news."

"In the first place, I found Mr. A. at home, and he paid me for the shirts. In the next place, Mrs. Bartlett told me that she had a new boarder, who was inquiring, a day or two since, where he could get some shirts made, and she recommended you to him. He was not in to-day; but Mrs. Bartlett said that she would speak to him about it, and if I would call to-morrow, she thought it very likely that I would get the work. Now is not that good news? Only this morning you did not know where you could get a stitch of work to do."

"Indeed, my daughter, it is good news, and we have great occasion for gratitude."

"But, mother, what made you say you more than half expected that I should bring good news? There seemed very little prospect of it when I went out this morning."

"We were in great extremity, my dear, and therefore I hoped that a kind and watchful Providence would send us relief."

Mrs. Murray, like many others, had learned in the school of adversity to trust her unseen Father.

We will leave the mother and daughter for the present, to take a brief retrospective view of the history of the former. Lucy Walker, at an early age married the man of her choice, Edward Murray. At the time of their marriage Edward Murray was a young captain. The parents of Lucy Walker had made some opposition to their union, on account of the occupation which Edward had chosen. But he promised to make only one voyage after their marriage. He could resign his chosen calling much sooner than he could the hand and heart which he had won, and he could not endure to be separated from his beloved Lucy. About six months after their marriage he left home, to embark on this, his first voyage. It proved, indeed, to be the last time he ever sailed from his native shores. At the end of several weary months of absence from her loved husband, the young wife received the appalling intelligence that the vessel in which he sailed had been wrecked. Months wore on, until none doubted but that Edward Murray had found an ocean grave.

We must pass very briefly over the period intervening between this sore bereavement and the time when Mrs. Murray is introduced to the reader. It is necessary to state through what strange vicissitudes it came to pass that Mrs. Murray had left the city of New York, far away from the scenes of her childhood and her brief married life, to spend her days in a solitary apartment, oppressed with the sickness of hope deferred, and with a heart resting on her heart was not the thought of the weary hours she must spend in the bare necessaries of life; for her throbbing head and heart told her that this toil was fast wearing out her strength, yet a trouble even greater than this was weighing down her spirit. It was one of those seasons when it is very difficult for those dependant on their daily labor to find employment; when the privilege of earning the most meagre comforts by the most ceaseless toil is often sought for in vain; when the prayer may well be uttered by every benevolent heart, "God help the poor." It was an hour when even the strong spirit might be expected to yield to despondency, and the believing spirit might cry out, "Lord help, for I am sinking under the waves of sorrow."

There was a struggle in the heart of Mrs. Murray, a hard struggle; but faith triumphed. She was enabled to cast all her cares upon Him who cared for her, and her spirit became calm and trusting.

The next day Ellen went to Mrs. Bartlett's boarding house, as that lady had advised her to.

"I am glad you have come," said Mrs. Bartlett, when she saw Ellen. "It is a good chance for your mother. I mentioned it to the gentleman yesterday. I will go with you myself to Mr. Barton's room. I think it very likely he has the work ready for you."

Mrs. Bartlett was a kind hearted woman; she knew nothing of Mrs. Murray, except that she was an excellent sewer, and a poor widow dependent on her needle for her own and her daughter's support; but she was pleased with Ellen, who had been at her house several times, to bring home work which her mother had done for the boarders, and she kindly interested herself to procure work for them.

"I think Mr. Barton is a kind man," continued Mrs. Bartlett, "and I doubt not he will pay your mother well for her work."

Mrs. Bartlett and Ellen were admitted into one of the handsome apartments occupied by Mr. Barton.

"This girl has come to see about the shirts," said Mrs. Bartlett, in explanation of their visit.

"Ah; her mother is the one you recommended, I suppose."

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; I have the cloth ready; here it is," he continued, as he placed a large roll in Ellen's hands. "There is material for half-a-dozen—how soon can your mother make them?"

"I don't know, sir. She will finish them as soon as she can."

"Very well; you will bring them as soon as they are finished."

"Yes, sir."

"You may come in the morning between nine and ten. I am usually in at that hour."

Ellen promised to do so.

She bore the bundle home with a light heart, and repeated to her mother what the landlady had said of Mr. Barton.

"A kind Providence has sent the work to us," said Mrs. Murray, as she took the bundle from Ellen.

The work which Mrs. Murray so gratefully received was never completed by her. Her health and strength, which had long been failing, was now rapidly giving way. One shirt was made with throbbing temples and aching limbs, the second and third was finished amid increasing weariness and pain, and then poor Mrs. Murray was compelled to relinquish her needle and take to her bed.

After several days had passed, Mrs. Murray directed Ellen to take the three shirts that were finished to Mr. Barton, and also the cloth which was not made up.

"I hope he will pay you for those that are finished," she said, "though some would not, because I had not done them all."

"Ah, you have brought the shirts," said Mr. Barton, as he admitted Ellen into his room.

"A part of them, sir."

"A part of them?" repeated Mr. Barton, inquiringly.

"Yes, sir; mother was taken sick a week ago. She has kept them until now, hoping to be able to finish them; but she grows worse instead of better."

Mr. Barton took the shirts from Ellen and examined them.

"They are very well done," he said. "What does your mother ask for them?"

Ellen named the price, adding that Mr. A. paid her mother that for such shirts.

"It is not too much," said Mr. Barton, as he took out his pocket-book, and paid Ellen the money.

Ellen thanked him, and was about leaving the room when Mr. Barton detained her.

"Is your mother quite sick?" he asked.

"I think she is, sir."

"Has she any one to take care of her?"

"No one but me," replied Ellen, blushing.

"And has she no one but you to provide for her wants?"

"No, sir," said Ellen, blushing still deeper.

"Well, let me pay you for all the half-dozen. You can tell your mother that when she gets well she can, if she likes, do the rest."

This delicate offer of assistance was accepted by Ellen with grateful tears.

When Ellen reached home, she gave the money to her mother, relating how she had received it.

"How very kind it was in Mr. Barton," said Mrs. Murray, "I certainly shall finish the shirts as soon as I am able. We shall probably need this money very much before I get well. You see now it was not in vain that I received that work from Mr. Barton. It is still very plain that the kind hand of Providence was in it."

"There is something very interesting about that girl," soliloquized Mr. Barton, after Ellen left. "I hardly noticed her the first time she called, but to-day I observed her more closely. She seems very modest and intelligent for one in her station. There was about her such an air even of refinement, that I felt delicate about offering her that money. But I suspect they are very poor, and if the mother should be sick some time, they may suffer very much. I must not lose sight of them. But let me see—I don't know where they live, or even their name. No doubt, however, Mrs. Bartlett can give me all the information I desire. I will inquire of her."

This determination was instantly carried into effect. Mr. Barton sought an interview with his landlady, but, to his disappointment, she could not give him the information he wished to obtain.

"I can tell you their name," she said, "but that is all. The girl once told me that her name was Ellen Murray, but I do not know where they live."

"I am very sorry I let her go without ascertaining where she lived," thought Mr. Barton, as he returned to his room. "I have put it out of my power to assist them unless accident should throw them in my way. May He, with whom there are no accidents send them to me, if they are suffering for my aid."

Mr. Barton had been numbered among Mrs. Bartlett's boarders only a few weeks. He came an entire stranger, and little was known of him by his fellow-boarders, except that he appeared to be a man of leisure, and the general impression was that he was also a man of wealth, though of this nothing certain was known. Some, among whom was his landlady, believed that he was a man of benevolent feelings and charitable deeds; but this was a surmise rather than a positive certainty; for if Mr. Barton indulged in the luxury of benevolent deeds, he certainly belonged to that class who make no show of their benevolence, but carefully seek to hide from observation their acts of charity. His reserved manners prevented the curious from obtaining much information relative to his past history or his present circumstances.

There was, however, one general fact of his past history that could not be concealed from an observant eye. He had evidently suffered much. Traces of this fact were indelibly written on his countenance. There was somewhat of sternness in the habitual expression of that countenance, left there perhaps by a stern conflict with the ills of life. But when he spoke or smiled, it was like the sudden lifting up of a cloud, revealing a world of genial kindness and sympathy hidden behind it. At such times a subdued and gentle expression gave evidence that his sufferings, whatever might have been their character, had not hardened but subdued and softened his heart, preparing it to sympathise with suffering wherever it crossed his path. It was probably this, rather than any particular act of kindness that had come to her knowledge, which had led Mrs. Bartlett, with a true woman's intuitive perception of character, to speak of her new boarder as a kind and benevolent man.

Matters grew worse and worse with Mrs. Murray and her daughter. The sickness of the former had been occasioned by long overtaxing of the frail system, and sickness thus induced is usually protracted. All the care of her mother of course devolved upon Ellen. On her, too, devolved the duty of husbanding, in the most prudent manner, the sum received from Mr. Barton, that it might be made to hold out as long as possible. This duty Ellen performed with a wisdom and discretion beyond her years. But with all her care, the time came quite too soon when not a cent remained.

This fact Ellen resolved to conceal as long as possible from her mother. But the anxious, troubled look her face wore, while she in vain racked her brain to devise some method to supply their pressing needs could not escape her mother's observation. Mrs. Murray attributed this in part to long confinement.

"My dear child," she said, "you must not shut yourself up here with me in this way, day after day. If you do you will certainly be sick. You must leave me now, and go out a little while for air and exercise; I can get along very well without you."

"I don't wish to leave you, mother; I am very well, and have not the least desire to go out."

"That only proves that you ought to go. I insist upon it, and if that is not enough, I command it, and I know you will obey your mother," added Mrs. Murray with a faint smile.

Thus urged and even commanded, Ellen prepared to go out.

"You must be gone half an hour at least," said Mrs. Murray, "and be sure you walk a good distance from here, out of the stifled air of this locality. Go into the open, broad streets, where the air is at least comparatively pure and fresh."

In obedience to her mother's directions, Ellen made her way to one of the gay and fashionable streets of the city; but so oppressed with care and trouble was her young heart, that she took little heed of the busy throng hurrying past her, as she walked on with an abstracted air. At last, however, she suddenly raised her eyes to the face of a gentleman who was that moment passing her. She started, and a half uttered exclamation escaped her, as she perceived that it was Mr. Barton. This attracted the gentleman's attention, who would otherwise have passed without observing her. He stopped short, and though Ellen was somewhat confused, she observed that an expression of surprise and pleasure passed over his features.

"Is it you, my young friend," he said, "I am glad we have met, as I wish to hear how your mother is."

"My mother is worse, sir," replied Ellen.

"I am sorry to hear it. Has she no nurse but you?"

"No, sir; I don't think she needs any other nurse."

There was something in the way this was said which implied that some other things were more needed than a nurse.

Mr. Barton for a moment looked earnestly at Ellen's sad, dejected face, and then he said,

"Tell me truly, my child—has your mother the comforts she needs?"

Ellen shrank from disclosing their deep poverty to a stranger—but their need of relief was too urgent to permit her to yield to this feeling; and besides, Mr. Barton had won her confidence by the genuine and benevolent interest which he had appeared to take in them. Blushing deeply, she replied,

"We have neither food nor medicine in the house, sir."

"And no money, of course, to procure them. Poor child! how glad I am that we have met as we have." And these kind words were fully endorsed by the benevolent smile which lit up the face of Mr. Barton.

Handing a bill to Ellen, he said,

"Take that, my child, for present necessity, and promise me that you will call at my lodgings, to-morrow. But stop a moment. Where do you live? I must not lose sight of you again, should anything prevent your calling."

As soon as he had been informed where they lived, Mr. Barton walked rapidly away, leaving Ellen half stupefied with amazement at the relief so unexpectedly brought to them in their extremity. But soon recollecting herself, she felt that no time was to be lost, and hastened to expend a part of the sum just received, in such articles as she judged most necessary. Loaded with her little purchases, and quite out of breath with rapid walking, she entered their humble apartment.

"See, mother, what I have brought home," she exclaimed, "and here are three dollars besides."

"My child, where did you obtain all this?"

Ellen gave an account of her unexpected meeting with Mr. Barton, and its results.

"Truly God has not forsaken us," was the grateful response of the poor invalid.

"Now, mother," said Ellen, "if you only had a doctor, I think you would get well. Let me go for one. We can take part of this money to pay him."

"No, my child. We shall need it all for something else. It will be spent quite soon enough. I must do without a physician. I will send you out for one or two simple medicines, which I think may do me good."

Two hours after, as Ellen was looking out of a window overlooking the narrow street, she exclaimed,

"There is Dr. A.'s carriage. It has stopped before the door."

"I think you must be mistaken, my dear," said her mother. "Dr. A. is one of the first physicians in the city, and I don't know what should bring him to this street."

"I don't know what has brought him here, but I do know that is his carriage. One day, when I went to Mrs Bartlett's, it stood before her door. Some one there told me whose carriage it was—and I have always known it since when I have met it in the streets."

Mrs. Murray's room was in the second story. Curiosity prompted Ellen to go to the door and listen. She heard a manly voice inquire if Mrs. Murray lived there.

"Mother, the doctor has come to see you," she said, as she flew back to her mother's bedside.

"That cannot be, my child."

All further conversation was prevented by approaching footsteps, which was soon followed by a rap on their door. Ellen opened it, and Dr. A. stepped into the room.

"I believe, madam, I have a patient here," said the doctor, addressing Mrs. Murray.

"I think, sir, that you have mistaken the place. I have sent for no physician."

"You certainly look, madam, as if you needed one," replied the doctor, smiling.

"That's very true; but I have not sent for one."

"Well, if you have not sent for me, I have been sent to you. A gentleman who boards at Mrs. Bartlett's, has, on his own responsibility, directed me to come here, and exert my best skill to cure you, and I trust you will allow me to obey his directions."

"Mother, it is Mr. Barton," said Ellen, in an undertone.

Dr. A. proceeded to examine the symptoms of his patient, and cheered Ellen, by telling her that her mother only needed proper medical treatment and good nursing, to insure her recovery.

"Two first, I intend to furnish," he said, playfully, "and for the latter, I shall depend upon you. Nurses of your age are usually careful to obey the doctor's orders, and this is a very important point."

After a short call, the doctor left, promising to visit his patient the next day.

Ellen fulfilled her promise to call upon Mr. Barton the next day. He made many kind inquiries, and also stated that he had seen Dr. A., who assured him that all was going on well, and that he believed his patient had an excellent nurse. He made Ellen promise to call once every week to inform him how they were getting along—but he declined her invitation to call upon them.

"I shall learn all about you at least once a week," he said, "I must insist upon your coming thus often; for the walk and change of air will do you good. For the present I shall send Dr. A. in my stead. His visits will benefit your mother much more than mine can do."

Several weeks past away in this manner. After a time Mrs. Murray began to amend, but her progress was very slow. Dr. A. was unremitting in his attention, but he did not flatter his patient with the hope of a speedy recovery. He said she had been a long time coming down, and it would take her some time to get up again. Ellen made her weekly call upon her kind friend, Mr. Barton, and became more attached to him at each visit. He always treated her in such a friendly and fatherly way, that Ellen could not help confiding in and loving him.

"I am going to trust you with quite an important business," said Mr. Barton to her, during one of these visits; "do you think you shall be equal to it?"

"I hope so, sir. I am sure I should wish to do anything you desire me to do."

"Well, I want you should take the charge of moving. Do you think you can do that? I will arrange it so that it will not be very hard for you."

"Of moving!" said Ellen, in surprise.

"Yes; Dr. A. says that what your mother most wants now, is a more comfortable place. He fears that her recovery cannot be quite complete, while she occupies an apartment in such a close, unhealthy, and noisy location. I have procured a fine airy apartment and board for you in ——— street, where you can remain until your mother is fully restored to health. I will tell you just how you must manage. At ten to-morrow I shall send a carriage to take your mother. You must go with her, and see her comfortably settled in her new home, and then return to the apartment you now occupy to prepare for removal such articles as you wish to take with you. I shall send a man there at once to remove them for you."

Ellen listened, almost stupefied with astonishment, to this new proof of the kindness of their tried friend.

"Don't you think you can perform the part I have assigned to you in this moving affair?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir!" said Ellen, "but how kind you are."

"Don't trouble your little head about the kindness," he said, "it will be fully occupied with more important matters, till you get settled in your new home. I think you may as well begin at once. You know where it is, don't you?" naming the number and street.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, here is the key of the room. I have furnished it comfortably; and I wish you to take a look at it, as you return home—it won't be much out of your way. Ask for the lady of the house. Tell her who you are; that you have the key of the room, and wish to see it."

Ellen felt a little timid about going to a strange place on such an errand. She would have liked to ask Mr. Barton to go with her, but on reflection, she thought such a gentleman might not wish to be seen walking the streets with her—for, though her dress was neat and clean, it certainly could make no pretensions to fashion or gentility. She therefore took the key and departed on her novel errand.

The lady of the house was very kind to Ellen, and she found this first call at her new home not so formidable as she expected. It brought grateful tears to her eyes, to see how neatly and comfortably the apartment had been furnished for their use, by their kind benefactor. The next day the moving was affected, according to the plan laid down by Mr. Barton.

Mrs. Murray now began to feel a strong desire to see their generous friend.

"I will ask him to call the next time I go to his room," said Ellen. "I don't blame him, if he did not want to go to that other place, but I am sure he will come here."

"There were other reasons besides that, I suspect," said Mrs. Murray. "I don't think a man of his benevolence would shrink from a call at our former abode. Perhaps he thought it might excite me too much to see him there; but I am stronger now, and I hope he will come."

Ellen was impatient for the day to come when she should be expected to call upon Mr. Barton, for she would not intrude upon him at any other time. She wished very much to ask him to call and see her mother. When the appointed day came, she hastened to his rooms, and very soon introduced the subject which was the uppermost in her thoughts.

"I wish you would be so kind as to call upon us in our nice, new home," she said. "Mother wants to see you very much, and thank you for all your kindness."

"Pshaw! I never can bear to be thanked by any one more than twelve years of age," was the reply. "You can tell your mother that you have done this for you both, and done it very handsomely, too. You can tell her how I look, and that will do just as well."

Ellen saw that for some reason Mr. Barton did not wish to call, and she forbore to press the matter, though she felt disappointed. Mrs. Murray was disappointed too.

"I wish he would call," she said, "I will try not to overwhelm him with demonstrations of gratitude, if that is what he fears."

Ellen continued to call upon their generous benefactor once a week, but she did not venture again to ask him to call upon her mother. But one day, during one of these calls, a sudden thought entered her mind.

"I want to ask you a question, sir," she said, "if you will not think it very rude?"

"What is it, my child? I have no fear that you will ask me a rude question, for that would not be at all like you."

"Have you your daguerreotype?"

"No—I never had one taken."

Ellen looked disappointed, and Mr. Barton observed it.

"Why, what if I had?" he inquired.

"If you had one," said Ellen, timidly, "I thought perhaps that you would be willing that I should take it to my mother, she would give so much to see it."

"People do not usually have them taken for their own gratification, and I know of no one who would be gratified by the possession of mine."

This was said in a manner which would have clearly indicated to a close observer that some painful thoughts or memories had been awakened by Ellen's question. But Ellen herself did not observe the manner, she only heeded the words, and replied impulsively—

"Oh, sir, I would give half the world to possess yours."

Mr. Barton was startled by her earnest manner, but he only said quietly—

"Would you?"

"I believe that girl is sincerely attached to me," said Mr. Barton to himself, after Ellen had left. "If there is one person in the world to whom my daguerreotype would give such pleasure, it is a pity they should not have it. I will have one taken before Ellen comes again, and give her an agreeable surprise, for she will not dream of such a thing. Then, too, her mother can see how I look without the awkwardness of a personal interview. I don't know but it is a weakness in me, but I always wish to avoid the thanks of those whom it is my privilege to assist and befriend. I feel rather as if the obligation were on my side—for this is now my only means of happiness. Life would indeed be a blank to me, if uncheered by deeds of benevolence."

Mr. Barton fulfilled his intention of sitting for his daguerreotype. It proved to be a very fine one, and he had it neatly framed.

The next time Ellen called he placed it in her hands, saying—

"There is a present for you, Ellen."

Ellen opened it, and when she saw what it was, her delight was without bounds, and she laughed and cried by turns.

"You don't mean to say it is my own?" she said.

"Yes, I do. I thought it a pity that any one who would value it so highly should not have it."

Ellen, with buoyant steps and a light heart, hastened home with her precious treasure. She found her mother on the bed—for Mrs. Murray was not yet strong enough to sit up very much.

"Oh, mother!" said Ellen, bursting into tears, "what do you think I have? I know you can never guess."

"Then don't ask me to, my dear. Whatever it is, it seems to give you great delight."

"Indeed, mother, it does. I would not take half the world for it."

"Half the world is a great deal, my dear. I think that estimate must be rather extravagant. But let me see the treasure you value so highly. What is it?"

"It is Mr. Barton's daguerreotype. Only think, mother, he had it taken on purpose to please me, and now he has given it to me for my own. Is he not very kind?"

"Yes, very; but let me see it," said Mrs. Murray, raising herself up.

Ellen placed it open in her mother's hand. Mrs. Murray gave one long, intense look, and then, with a sudden, wild scream, fell back on her pillow. She had fainted.

Ellen was terribly frightened, for she had never seen any one faint before. Yet even in her fright, she did not forget her precious treasure, but picked it up from the bed on which it had fallen, and slipped it into her pocket. She then bent over her mother with exclamations of terror, for she knew not what to do.

Just then there was a rap at the door. Ellen hastened to open it. To her inexpressible relief, it proved to be Dr. A.

"Oh, doctor," she said, "come to the bed quick. I don't know what ails mother. I am so frightened."

The doctor stepped to the side of the bed.

"Your mother has only fainted, my child," he said. "Don't be terrified. She will soon come out of it."

"Do you know what occasioned this?" he asked of Ellen, as he proceeded to use means to restore his patient.

"No, sir," said Ellen, hesitatingly.

She knew that her mother had fainted while looking at the daguerreotype, and she believed that there was some strange connection between the two events; but as she had not the most distant idea what that connection could be, she did not like to say anything about it to the doctor.

The doctor looked at Ellen inquiringly for a moment, but he did not ask any more questions, though he felt sure that she had not told him all she knew.

After a time, Mrs Murray opened her eyes, and looked about her like one bewildered, then, as if partially recovering herself, she exclaimed half wildly,

"Where is my—my—" but a more distinct perception of what had taken place checked the half uttered inquiry.

Dr. A. remained until Mrs. Murray seemed perfectly restored; then he took his leave, charging his patient to beware of all excitement, placing an emphasis on the last word, which was not unobserved by Ellen.

After the doctor left, Mrs. Murray lay, with closed eyes, for several minutes, then, turning, to Ellen, who said,

"Ellen, my dear, I must see that daguerreotype again."

"Oh, mother, I dare not give it to you. I am afraid you will faint again. You know the doctor said you must keep very quiet."

"I shall not faint this time," said Mrs. Murray, "but you may wait a moment. I will try first to calm myself, by seeking strength from above."

Again Mrs. Murray lay with closed eyes for several minutes, after which she said,

"Now, Ellen, I must see that again."

Ellen drew the daguerreotype from her pocket, and placed it open in her mother's hands. Mrs. Murray looked calmly at it for a few moments, but she grew again so deadly pale, that Ellen trembled.

"Please, mother, let me take it," she said. "You look so pale it frightens me. What is the matter?"

"My child," said Mrs. Murray, with suppressed emotion, "this is the daguerreotype of your own father, my dear Edward."

Ellen started, and uttered an exclamation of surprise, but in a moment she said,

"That can't be, mother; his name is not Murray but Barton."

"I care not what name he bears. I could not mistake that face. There are traces of years, and of grief and sorrow; but I know that it is he."

"But father was drowned many years ago," urged Ellen.

"I can't explain it, my child, but I know it is he. Put on your bonnet and shawl, my dear, and go directly to Mr. Barton, as you call him, and beg him to come to me at once."

"But I can't leave you, mother; what if you should faint again. You look so frightfully pale."

We will leave the mother and daughter a short time to follow Dr. A., as he leaves his patient. The doctor had not gone more than half a mile when he encountered Mr. Barton.

"Have you seen your patient, Mrs. Murray, of late?" inquired the latter.

"Just come from there."

"How did you leave her?"

"I found her in a fainting fit, produced, I believe, by strong mental excitement of some kind."

"Did you not learn the cause?"

"No; I questioned Ellen, and she said she did not know; but I am inclined to think she knew more than she chose to tell."

Produced by strong mental excitement," repeated Mr. Barton to himself, after parting with Dr. A. "What could have been the cause. This fainting fit in which the doctor found his patient, must have taken place just after Ellen went home with the daguerreotype. Can there be any possible connection between the two events?"

Almost involuntarily Mr. Barton turned his course, and walked towards the street where Mrs. Murray and her daughter now resided. His interest and curiosity were awakened to know the real cause of the state in which the doctor had found his patient, and, though the dictates of his better judgment seemed to say that he had not chosen a favorable time for his first call upon his protegé, yet an almost irresistible impulse led him on, until he stood before Mrs. Murray's door. His gentle rap quickly brought Ellen to open it. Mr. Barton placed his finger on his lips in token of silence; for he did not wish to enter the room, or have Mrs. Murray made aware of his presence, until he had first questioned Ellen, and ascertained whether it would be prudent for him to call at that time. Ellen, however, in the excitement of the moment, did not even observe the signal of caution, but exclaimed,

"Oh, Mr. Barton, is it you? I was just going for you."

Thus announced, Mr. Barton entered the room without further hesitation. Mrs. Murray, hearing the exclamation of her daughter, raised herself up, and looked eagerly towards the door. As her eyes rested upon Mr. Barton, she uttered the exclamation, "Oh, my husband!" and fell back on the pillow unconscious.

Mr. Murray, for it was he—the name of Barton being assumed—gazed earnestly on the features of his insensible wife. Could it be his Lucy? She was changed indeed; but it was not difficult to recognize the well remembered form and features. His look was one of tenderness and love. But soon a shade passed over his features, for bitter memories intruded themselves, to snatch from his lips the cup of joy.

"Murray, Murray," he murmured, half reassured, "what does it all mean?"

Ellen, who was standing by his side, looking alternately at him and her unconscious mother, now softly whispered,

"Mother says you are my own father; is it so?"

"Yes, my child, my daughter, it must be so. But tell me one thing—was your mother ever married again?"

"Sir!" cried Ellen not clearly comprehending the question.

"I have been told," continued Mr. Murray, with a strong effort to suppress the emotions that were agitating him, "that very shortly after your mother heard of my supposed death, she married another man. Was it true or false? tell me, for you must know."

"False," exclaimed Ellen, my mother was never married to any but my own father."

"Thank Heaven," exclaimed Mr. Murray. "Oh, that villainous story which has caused me to flee from my beloved, my cherished Lucy for so many years."

Mr. Murray now united with Ellen in efforts to restore his wife to consciousness. She soon slowly opened her eyes to meet a glance of love and tenderness from the long lost husband, who was bending over her. The scene that followed we will not attempt to describe. After some degree of calmness was restored, Mr. Murray related his own singular story.

"The vessel in which I sailed," he said, "was shipwrecked on its return passage, as you very well know. Only two or three escaped with their lives. I was one of that number. We were picked up by a vessel bound to a distant foreign port. It was sometime after reaching this port before I could find a vessel homeward bound. At last I succeeded in finding one, and eagerly secured a passage in it.

"Very soon after going on board, I discovered among the sailors one whom I knew, and with whom I had formerly sailed. I cordially greeted Harry Coles as an old acquaintance, hoping to hear some tidings from loved ones at home. He seemed much surprised to see me, stating that all who knew me had given me up for lost.

"'Have you heard anything from home?' he asked.

"'Not a word,' I said, 'can you relieve my suspense? can you tell me anything of my wife?'

"Harry hesitated. This alarmed me very much. I then believed that he had bad news, which he was unwilling to communicate, but it now seems plain to me that his hesitation proceeded from a very different cause. Could I have understood it then as well as I now do, how much would have been spared me.

"'If you can tell me anything of my wife, speak,' I said; 'don't keep me in suspense; is she living?'

"'I don't know anything to the contrary,' Harry replied, his face wearing a comic expression, which I neither understood or liked.

"'Then, what is the matter?' I said; 'something is, I am sure. Why don't you speak right out.'

"Harry's face wore the same peculiar expression as he replied,

"'Maybe the news from home won't please you very well.'

"'What news?' I said; 'has anything happened to my wife?'

"'Not exactly; at least nothing uncommon. Women will be women, you know,' he said, with a significant look.

"'What do you mean? Speak out, man,' I said, now wrought up to the highest pitch of excited suspense.

"'Well, if you must know—your wife married Charles Butler, her old suitor, you know, in two months after she heard of the wreck of the vessel in which you sailed.'

"I walked away from Harry, feeling more like a madman than like anything else.

"That night we heard the fearful cry, a man overboard. It proved to be poor Harry Coles. For reasons which I will not stop to explain, all efforts to save him proved unavailing, and with saddened hearts we sailed on, leaving him in his ocean grave.

"But the intelligence that he had communicated to me the day previous to his death, had made a changed man of me. I could not return to my country to see my Lucy the wife of another. The thought was madness. I would be a wanderer over the face of the earth. I would go where no news should ever reach me of the loved and lost—lost to me. I left the vessel at the first port at which she touched, for I would not be borne nearer to that home which was no longer home to me."

"But how could such a story have reached the ears of Harry Coles?" inquired Mrs. Murray, interrupting her husband's narrative.

"I do not think it ever did reach his ears. I never doubted its truth until to-day, but I now think I understand the mystery. Harry Coles was a good deal of a wag. I have no doubt that he invented the story on the spur of the moment, intending to contradict it after he had sufficiently enjoyed the dismay and distress occasioned by it. But that very night the waters closed over him and his fearful secret, and the story which was concocted for his own amusement, and regarded only as a capital joke, made me a sad and lonely wanderer for years.

"I roved almost aimlessly from one country to another. In these wanderings the wealth which so many toil for, in vain poured itself into my coffers almost unsought.

"At last, heartily weary of this wandering life, I began to feel a longing to see my native country once more. I resolved to come with my wealth to New York, where I fancied that I should hear nothing of you; for it was my great dread to hear of you as the wife of another, and that my old rival, I changed my name to guard against the possibility of [illegible] by some acquaintances of olden times, for I fancied that changed looks, and an assumed name, would preserve my incognito. After my arrival here, I took respectable, but unostentatious lodgings, resolved to seek my only solace for my great life grief in the cultivation of sincere piety, and in deeds of benevolence to the sick and suffering. It was in the carrying out of this last part of my plan, that a kind Providence restored me to my beloved Lucy."

"It was, indeed, a kind Providence," responded Mrs. Murray. "We have both suffered much, but infinite love has mingled the cup. Never had I seen so dark a day as that when Ellen was led to you; but at that very time, my heart was filled with a peaceful trust and confidence greater than I had ever felt before. Something seemed to whisper that I should yet see the goodness of the Lord, even in the land of the living. And so indeed it has proved. To think that when we supposed that we were dependent on the bounty of a stranger, it was even then my own Edward who was providing for us."

The conversation was now interrupted by the entrance of Dr. A. The state in which he had found his patient a few hours previous, had given him so much anxiety, that he had called a second time. All was soon explained to his entire satisfaction, and the happy group received his most hearty congratulations.

Mr. Murray continued to reside in New York, and still remained the friend of the poor and distressed. Those deeds of benevolence which were once the relief of a suffering heart, now became the thank-offering of a grateful one; for Mr. Murray enjoyed no common share of domestic felicity in the society of the wife and daughter so strangely restored to him.

☞ The following scene actually occurred between a policeman and an Irish woman in Covent Garden—"I say, policeman, what's the use of that white thing ye wear on one of your arms?" "Vy, vomman, that's to show that ye are on duety." "Och! be the powers! I thought it was because ye didn't know yer right hand from yer left!"

☞ Christ's Church, in Alexandria, six miles from Washington, is supposed to be the oldest church edifice in the country. The bricks of which it was built were brought from England.

☞ Adversity has ever been considered as the state in which a man most easily becomes acquainted with himself; and this effect it must produce by withdrawing flatterers, whose business it is to hide our weaknesses from us; or by giving loose to malice, and license to reproach; or, at least, by cutting off those pleasures which called us away from meditation on our own conduct, and repressing that pride which too easily persuades us that we merit whatever we enjoy.

☞ At Genoa, every attorney takes an oath not to undertake any cause he does not think just.

☞ Happiness is a pig with a greasy tail, which every one runs after, but nobody can hold.

☞ Punch, in his usual flow of merriment, advertises, among the usual handbooks of travellers, one on the art of travelling through "the debates." Another, for the chancery court, with a list of the expenses incurred in penetrating into the interior, and directions for finding your way out again. Another, for the heart of a poor law guardian, with geological specimens. Also, a handbook of travel round a lady in full dress, with a large folding-map, showing the utmost limit of patience and crinoline to which the circumference, so recently enlarged, at present extends.

☞ SPORTING NOVELTY.—They are having swimming races by dogs in the Connecticut river, at Hartford—purses $20 and $50.

☞ When a man, for conscience sake, does what his acquaintance will hate him for, then his soul has its birth; till this, he lives only in others.

☞ Mrs. Sheesick's oat crop was so light in 1854, that she had to cut it with a horn comb and a pair of scissors, as barbers do.

☞ A correspondent of the "Lady's Daily Companion" wants to know "whether the 'steep and thorny path' can be travelled in hoops?" Not by a barrelful.

☞ Without decision of character, no man or woman is ever worth a button, nor ever can be. Without it, a man becomes at once a good-natured nobody, the poverty-stricken possessor of but one solitary principle—that of obliging everybody under the sun, merely for the asking.

☞ "Mike, can you account for the extraordinary curve in this horse's back?" "Sure, an' I can, sir. Before the baste was your property, he was backed agin an Irish horse that bate her hollow, and she never got straight since."

☞ Young gentlemen, given to promenading with ladies, now wear a light strip of steel, stitched in the outer seam of their pantaloons, from the knee down. This prevents entirely the excoriation of the skin from the friction of the ladies' hoops. Without such a protection, a walk of a mile or two, arm in arm, is sufficient to "establish a raw" on the masculine leg.

☞ During a heavy fall of rain, a toper, who had taken a drop too much, happened to repose himself underneath a waterspout. He thus, "lying alone in his glory," ever and anon exclaimed: "Not a drop more, gentlemen! not a drop more!"

☞ Bishop Wilde says: "Patience is the most necessary of all virtues to one who thinks."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1856.

IS THE CONTENTS OF THE POST AND ONE OF THE PRETTIEST PAPERS, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$2½ if not paid in advance. For $5 IN ADVANCE one may be sent three years. We continue to following low terms to Clubs, to be sent to the city to one address, and to the country to one Post Office:

[illegible] Copies, [illegible] $5.00 a year.
Eight " (and one to the getter up of Club,) 10,00 "
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Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time of the main list do. We will willingly supply back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When an error is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. L. We cannot reconsider our decision. To your other question we answer yes.

☞ The encouraging remarks of our Richmond correspondent are fully appreciated.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRESS.

That the clothes we wear have a psychological significance, nobody that has read "Sartor Resartus" will deny. They are profoundly expressive of character. Our rule, however, like every other rule, has its exceptions. People are not always dressed as they would be, were they free to choose their ideal of raiment. Many a person's tastes must defer to the dictum of a porte-mennaie on which, to use a popular metaphor, the elephant has trodden. The poor clerk, or mechanic, or seamstress, or any individual of narrow pecuniary means, must often be attired not as he or she would, but as he or she can. Necessity knows no law, not even the law of appeal. Yet in such cases as these, the personal character, not able to publish itself in the style of the garment, will infallibly in the style in which the garment is worn. The clown in spirit, though arrayed in the garb of D'Orsay, will still make the garb significant of his innate clownishness. Persons of fine and noble nature inevitably make the homeliest apparel expressive thereof. The popular habit of conformity is plainly seen in the fact that so many people array themselves in similar clothing. A monkeyish quality of imitation is evident in the multitudes who dress in "the fashion," solely because it is "the fashion." In brief, our clothes proclaim ourselves.

Is there any possible ugliness or indecency of costume that is not liable and likely to become fashionable? We turn over a book of prints which picture the various styles of raiment popular with our ancestors, and we smile and wonder that such hideousness could ever have obtained welcome and adoption. We once knew a Jewish quack—a vender of hair-dye—who was wont to induce his customers of either sex to use his compound, after this wise:—"You want your hair beautiful black or dark brown, when it is yellow; now, what I say is, when you can improve on the original maker, why don't you do it?" Looking back on the fashions of the past, one can see how prevalent the idea of improving on the original maker has been. The pictured figures that meet our eyes hardly seem to belong to the race, and are caricatures of humanity. One can scarcely realize that these bewigged, bepowdered, ruff necked, face-patched, bag-trowsered, bell-gowned, fantastic whiskered, odd-hatted, funny-bonneted individuals were of the lineage of the manly and majestic Adam and the "snow-limbed" Eve. Yet they were, and, in a double sense, descendants of that pair. No one can "keep his reason," as the Frenchman has it, when he reads of the fashionable ordinance of King James' time which made it incumbent upon the gentlemen of the town to stuff their short trunks, as the trowsers of that day were called, with bran till they obtained a prodigious rotundity in the hips, and transformed the aspect of the whole spinal region to the similitude of a vast wen! Most of us remember the anecdote of the unfortunate dandy of that period who chanced to rend his nether garment, and was incontinently emptied of a couple of pecks of his stuffing, the loss of which left him as lank as a pole. It is a matter of history that the members' seats in the Houses of Parliament were obliged to be enlarged in order to accommodate the devotees of the prevailing fashion; and, moreover, that affairs reached such a height of extravagance—the gentlemen swelling visibly day by day—that the stuffed garments were finally prohibited by law! But even this folly is fairly paralleled by the style of headdress, which obtained among the other sex at a later epoch, and lives in the bright ridicule of the wits of Addison's time. The ladies' heads were crowned with a monumental tower of hair, rising tier above tier, a very Babel of absurdity. In Holland, the fashion and the head-dress rose to such an outrageous height that human endurance gave way, and the populace pelted the wearers, till the whole thing was pelted into the limbo of dead extravagancies. The female costume of the higher castes in Charles First's and Second's time was an outrage on modesty and decency at once. The low-necked dress came into fashion in England about that period, and the lowest-necked dress of this day, however censurable, is praiseworthy in comparison with it. Of course, like the vile plays and romances of the same era, which also depraved and corrupted the morals of the nation, it was an importation from Italy, where it was worn by the titled courtezans of that vicious clime and time. Fans, rouge, and other fopperies, came in with it about the same date. The immorality of dress became so palpable and scandalous, and was attended with such baneful results of all kinds, that it rose to the dignity of one reason among many others, for the stern protest of Puritanism, which, though undoubtedly chargeable with excess in the opposite direction, was yet on the whole a sensible, righteous and noble movement, its very failings leaning to the side of virtue, and entirely pardonable when we consider the nature and extent of the evils that provoked them. Puritanism's broom, however, could not sweep so clean as to prevent the same vicious mode of dress from reappearing in the after reigns of Charles II., James, Queen Anne, and others. Since then, though a popular sarcasm even now can justly describe a lady "full dressed" as undressed, the baneful style we speak of has been very much modified. We saw, however, at a recent concert in this city, one young lady in particular, attired as no right-feeling and thoughtful man would wish to see his future wife or sister attired. Our female friends may possibly, think our strictures somewhat fanatical or narrow. But our male friends who are accustomed to frequent the balls or parties where this fashion is exhibited, and who know very well what manner of remark it causes among young men, and what extra fascination it lends to the waltz and schottish, will not think us either fanatical or narrow. It is, to say the least, rather sad to behold a young woman wearing a style of dress, with no motive, which was first brought into vogue by the most infamous of women, with a motive, and a very bad one; and which still, all unconsciously to her, produces the same pernicious effects it originally was devised to, and did, produce.

But one need hardly wander back into distant centuries to find reason for comment on the ugliness and absurdity of our raiment. The last twenty years are rank in hideousness. Look at the hats—the bell-crowned, the sugar-loaf, the narrow-rimmed, the broad-rimmed, the stove-funnelled, and all the various horrible oddities; the bonnets—the coal-scuttle, the chimney-ventilator, the—there, don't classify them further! the gowns—their length of stomacher, their waists near the arm-pits, their lankness, their fulness, their flounces—oh! the coats—waists near the hips, and tails half a foot long, waists near the neck, and tails dangling to the heels, collars below the collar-bone, and collars near the ears; swallow-tails, shovel-tails, brujamos—oh!—the stocks propping up the chin; the starched cravats like plaster of paris bands; the cravats tied behind; the cravats tied before; the Joinvilles of awful and intricate tie; the trowsers of no particular tie at all; the Byron breadth of collar; the narrow collar; the standing collar high and square; the father-murderer high and sharp; the inquisitive collar; the take-it-easy collar; the vicious collar; and all the collar family, grotesque and frightful to behold; the boots—square-toed, narrow-toed, peak-toed, long-toed, short-toed, round-toed, broad-toed; the trowsers—but we forbear; the contemplation lacerates our feeling!

Why do people wear such things? Is it because they think them beautiful, elegant, tasteful, or because they find them comfortable, useful, convenient? Not at all. But because they are in the fashion. That "latest style from Paris" rides us, as the ape rode Sinbad. We can't shake it off, any more than the unfortunate sailor of the Arabian Nights could his mopping and mowing burden. A common custom makes cowards of us all. If the Parisian arbiter of the fashions should decree a garb of plate-mail, we would hasten to put it on. The Bloomer dress—well, it certainly is ugly. But if it had come from the Parisian magasin, it would never have been laughed off the forms of our venturous ladies. The subtle French mantua-maker would have persuaded us it was the most beautiful thing ever invented. Fortunately, or unfortunately, it came from the mind of an American woman, benevolently moved to lighten the weight of skirts which afflict so many females with incurable diseases, and impede and discomfort the pedestrianism of so many; and as she had no spell of foppery to weave over the common-sense of the country, of course she failed ignominiously. Ugly!—so it is; but did it fail for that reason? Is it any uglier than these frightful hooped skirts, which transform the graceful figures of our belles into the semblance of diving-bells? The fact is, we dress without even the show of reason. That a garment is in fashion, is enough. We are confident that the French magasin dictators could, if they wanted to, persuade the fashionable world into assuming the airy and elegant costume of the Riccaree Indians, at any time they chose! It's a game of "follow your leader," no matter where your leader leads you, and the silly public, like Barkis, "is willing."

Now human-kind is imitative, and probably always will be, until the reign of Utopia and common-sense comes in; and the trouble is therefore practically with the people who direct and control the fashions, at whom accordingly we shake our fist, and launch our bolts of remonstrance. We say to them: Come out of your artificialities and fripperies and fopperies and fantastic conceits, and, if you can find no instruction in your own Time, go back to that Greece whose perceptions of the beautiful are the subtlest and the surest the world has ever known, and whose laws of Beauty are all-comprehensive, all-penetrating, all-wise, and learn there that the Art of Dress, proceeding upon the fact of the human necessity for raiment, has for its aim how best to clothe the perfect human form so as to leave its outlines, made fair and graceful by the wisdom of the Creator, undestroyed and unconcealed; and if, by any chance or providence, that human form be misshapen, undeveloped, or malformed, how best to clothe it so as to conceal its deficiencies, and bring it nearer to the ideal of mortal symmetry and perfection. We don't advocate a return to the Greek costume; laws of climate, circumstance, national life and manners forbid it. But we say that the principles on which the drapery of a Greek statue is forever tasteful and beautiful, are worth an application to the drapery of these men and women in our streets, whose statues draped in the garb they wear, would not be beautiful any more than that garb is. Simplicity, few and pure outlines, appropriate colors, the utter absence of gaudy and barbarous ornament, modesty and morality of design, and strict adaptation to the necessities of free motion, bodily comfort and work-day convenience—these are the things to be effected by that artist who undertakes to shape a beautiful and useful costume for a people.

Let us, in conclusion, glance briefly at the subject in the point of Taste. The present practice is—if a person is misshapen or ugly, dress him, or her, so gaudily and glaringly as to fix upon him, or her, the eyes of all gazers and bring the general ugliness into special notice. Or if beautiful and shapely, dress him, or her, so extremely foe as to divide the attention of the beholder between the loveliness that God made and the loveliness the tailor or milliner made, and so partially distract the attention from the human beauty, and half-mar the impression made by the latter. Now the wisest and deepest of the poets has laid down the laws—"Beauty when unadorned, adorned the most" and—"Beauty needs not the foreign aid of ornament;" and we hold by them as good, sound statutes covering that side of the question. Equally true is it that ugliness when adorned is all the uglier for being brought into notice; and the more simply and unostentatiously you attire an ugly man, or woman, the better for him or her, say we. You don't improve a crooked nose by putting a gold ring in it! Neither do you improve a homely lady by tricking her out in a flare of showy silks and a glitter of jewelry; or a homely gentleman by giving him a remarkable style of whisker, and a pomp of white satin vest and other gay and gallant raiment. Said a gentleman to Beau Brummel, "I saw a man on the street so well-dressed that every one turned to look at him." "Then he was not a well-dressed man," answered the Beau. Sensibly enough, too; for after all the law is:—That the flawless, unimpeachable perfection of dress is to be so fitly and harmoniously attired that nobody shall notice particularly what you wear. And, moreover, let fashion go hang; dress in what'ever best becomes you; if you look best in a complete suit of red flannel trimmed with orange and blue, (which is not likely,) wear it; but don't adopt another man's fancy in dress as your own, or imagine that what becomes him must necessarily become you. Many a garb, beautiful in itself, would cease to seem beautiful upon certain persons, simply because not adapted to them. Another good rule is—and it is the rule of every American man proud of the ancestry of Puritans like Carver and Bradshaw and Sir Harry Vane, or the ancestry of Cavaliers like Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Thomas More—men too earnest and noble to bedeck themselves in peacock finery—and it is also the rule of every thoughtful Christian gentleman—dress plainly, modestly, with taste, but without vanity. Our counsel applies as well to all Christian ladies in the land, who also have their fair and equal share in the right to be proud of the lineage and example of the noblest Cavaliers and Puritans.

Finally—everlasting honor to old Ben Franklin who dressed himself like a Republican and a man, and wasn't ashamed to go to Court in his homespun stockings! May the lesson never be forgotten, or the example be dishonored!

☞ In our Paris letter this week, the reader will find some interesting statements respecting the measures now being taken in Europe to improve the condition of the poorer classes.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 108—Adults 70, and children 96.

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS—FALL EXHIBITION.—This Exhibition is now open, and justly attracts the favorable attention of those who are fond of art. The Directors have this year re-arranged the galleries, obtained a number of new and attractive pictures, and determined to make the Institution an object of interest and gratification during the Autumn as well as the Spring, to which the Exhibitions have been heretofore confined. This determination has the advantage of displaying many of the fine works of art belonging to the Academy, which are necessarily taken from the walls, at the Spring Exhibition, to make room for the new works of our own artists, to which it is then the object of the Institution to afford the best places. Visitors will be gratified to see again the noble picture by Sully, of Washington, as he is about to cross the Delaware.

Life in Paris.

WHOLESALE FRAUD IN THE HIGHER REGIONS—PARIS AMUSING ITSELF—THE ECONOMIC CONGRESS—VOLCANOES AND PITFALLS—A BIT OF GOOD NEWS.

PARIS, Sep. 25, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Cold and wet, worthy of November, are spoiling our Autumn; and we perceive, with a dismay that your readers will readily understand, the probability of our being cheated of our due allowance of autumnal sunshine as completely as we were cheated out of that of our Spring. People are coming in hastily from the country, winter clothes and water-proof garments are displayed conspicuously in the streets, and our hopes of "a fine autumn," which were standing at so high a point a fortnight ago,—though based principally on "the law of Compensation," according to which the meteorological disappointments of the Spring and Summer ought to have ensured for us a few months of decent weather before the close of the year—have fallen in company with the fall of the barometer.

Such being the state of the public mind, the want of the outdoor amusements proper to the season seems to be stimulating the wits of the play-wrights, which have been unusually stagnant this Summer, and several new plays have been brought out with remarkable success. "The Elves" is still high in favor with the lovers of music, pantomime, and decorative splendor; "Pauchonnette" is drawing crowds, and "The Dragoons of Villare" is rivalling the brilliant triumph. At the Cirque Imperiale is a troop of dogs who perform their parts with the unerring precision of so many machines; and at the Hippodrome a troop of monkeys perform a regular pantomime, throwing the audience into convulsions of laughter that are almost too much for the safety of their ribs.

The Economic Congress of Brussels has just closed its sessions. Delegates from every country of Europe took part in its discussions, and made interesting statements of the movements now going on in behalf of the poorer classes in their respective countries. England was represented by Mr. O. Ward, who made various explanations of the measures set on foot by the philanthropists of that country for improving the sanitary conditions of the towns, increasing the supply of water, removing filth, converting obnoxious substances into guano, and constructing Workmen's Dwellings and Model Lodging-houses; founding Schools, Libraries, Reading-rooms, and Clubs for Mutual assistance, and otherwise improving the physical, intellectual and moral condition of the working-classes.

France was not fully represented, and her delegates contributed but little towards the stock of new ideas. A few striking facts, however, illustrative of the good effect of Associative Households upon the comfort and well-being of their members, were brought forward by M. Ecrive, of Lille, and M. Perot, of Mulhouse. At the latter place some of the largest manufacturers have built vast and admirably managed establishments of this character, containing nurseries and schools for the children, washhouses, drying-rooms, baths, an infirmary for invalid members, and common kitchen, a bakery, grocery, and clothing shop, where goods of the best quality are sold at cost price to the members. This establishment, though forming a connected whole, and managed in common, consists of a great collection of separate dwellings, each containing its own family, and owned by it; and the founder, M. Perot, in order to induce his work-people to purchase these houses, and thus attach them more permanently to his manufactories, is accustomed to advance the price of a house to any workman of good character desirous to purchase, retaining a certain stipulated proportion of his wages until this loan has been repaid, when the house becomes the property of its buyer.

At Marquette a common kitchen has been set on foot for the work-people of certain establishments, which furnishes them with cooked food at cost, and in connection with which there are also baths, entirely gratis, schools, savings' banks, an assurance society for relief in old age, a druggists' shop, and a reading room, which also serves as a gathering place for the members, and for the concerts given by the band of the regiment stationed in that town. M. Ducpetiaux, one of the principal organizers of the Congress, presented a full report upon the measures taken in Belgium to prevent the recurrence of periods of scarcity, and to increase the well-being of the industrial population. Among these he mentioned the introduction of the system of free-trade in all objects of food; laws favoring the cultivation of heaths, drainage, and irrigation; the law regulating distilleries, the improvement of roads, and development of means of communication, measures in favor of agriculture; the organization of agricultural schools, societies, and exhibitions; prizes for improved breeds of domestic animals, foundation of new centres of population, of emigration, and of colonization; development of the linen industry, and creation of centres of practical instruction for young workpeople devoted to the various trades, handicrafts and manufactures; offices for finding employment for unoccupied laborers, hygienic reforms, competitions for best plans of industrial dwellings; baths and wash-houses, with a system of rewards for cleanliness, measures against the adulteration of objects of consumption; Material Aid Societies, asylums for the old and infirm, and reformatories for young criminals; insurance companies for miners, fishermen, and railway laborers; publication of books and engravings for the working-classes, and the foundation of a seat of Legion of Honor which bestows decorations on work-people specially noted for cleanliness, sobriety, industry, skill, and good conduct. The representatives of Holland described the system of charitable assistance which prevails in that country, and which is administered both by private societies and by religious bodies. The State is not allowed to administer charity except in cases where the former bodies are found to be insufficient. The municipal bodies are forbidden to tax articles of diet; and the taxes on grain, milling, and bread, have been abolished. At Amsterdam there are three Building Societies, which construct dwellings for workmen, and let them at very reasonable rates. At Rotterdam, the letting of a house in an unhealthy condition, has been made an actionable offence. Several other cities have founded Alimentary societies; and infant schools, agricultural colonies, houses of refuge, free-schools, savings' banks, loan-banks, asylums for servants out of place, &c. Few countries have done so much in the way of organized assistance to the poorer classes; with a population of only three millions of inhabitants, it possesses six thousand of these institutions, among which are three thousand six hundred and thirty nine deaconries, on whom devolves the duty of assisting the poor at their own homes. The total amount of assistance given in Holland is in the proportion of one to five hundred of its people.

From the Prussian delegates we learn that, in that country, the law of the present year obliges each commune to provide its poorest inhabitants with food enough to keep them from starving. In the rural communes all who have been born in the country, or have inhabited it during three years, can demand a small quantity of coarse food, and a lodging, gratis. In the cities, this assistance is rendered under the form of money, and the very poor may also go to the *armen-haus*. The proportion of the people thus assisted is as one to twenty of the entire population; and one-fifth of the municipal revenues is devoted to this purpose.

Thus, in Berlin, where the municipal revenues is sixteen millions, two millions are dispensed in public charity. Private charity contributes a sum nearly equal to that dispensed by the government. Large amounts are spent in the purchase of rye and potatoes for distribution, in the purchase of food which is resold to the poor at reduced prices, and in the improvement of roads with a view to bringing alimentary supplies within more easy reach of the towns. Great efforts have also been lately made to induce the people to put their earnings into the Savings Banks; and access to out door relief has been rendered somewhat more difficult, with a view to prevent the temptation to idleness and prodigality resulting from a too easy access to the charitable institutions. Since 1849, it has been rendered obligatory on the work-people of every manufactory to form among themselves a fund for mutual assistance, provided by small weekly contributions from their wages; the masters are compelled also to add to the sum thus raised, a contribution equal to one-half its amount. These societies have taken an extraordinary development in Berlin; 40,000 work-people being thus enrolled in that city alone.

It appears that the belief, so generally entertained, of the comparative exemption of Austria from the scourge of pauperism is unfounded, or rather—that the state of the various portions of that empire differ widely in this respect. In the agricultural districts, pauperism is comparatively unknown, but the great manufacturing centres are little better off in this respect than those of other European countries. In the latter, the government, through the action of various philanthropic societies, is urging on the formation of Workmen's Funds, Benefit Clubs, infant and other schools, Domestic Schools for girls, where they learn everything connected with the economy of domestic life, being among the most useful. Every species of tax upon food has been abolished, the making of alcohol from grain and potatoes forbidden, the butchers have been placed under the control of the public authority, and the sale of horse-flesh introduced since 1851. Grain-stores have been founded by the government, and from these loans of seed-corn are advanced, on security, to the poorer farmers for the sowing of their fields. Savings and Loan Banks, have been set on foot in the country districts, and Loan Banks for artizans, which lend small sums temporarily without interest, have been founded in the towns. A large number of societies buy up all manner of food in large quantities, at wholesale prices, and sell the same to the working population at cost; an Economic Kitchen has also been founded at Vienna, selling a basin of soup, and a plate of meat and vegetables, for six cents.

Saxony, it seems, has not yet accomplished much for the poor, but is busy preparing a number of measures to this effect which will soon be introduced. The government of this little State has instituted a Chemical Commission, charged to report upon the value and quality of all species of food, with a view to developing the production of those which contain most nourishment, and are most easily obtained. Bakers are forbidden to sell bread until twenty-four hours after its baking. Economic Grain and Baking Institutions are being made to supplant the host of private bakers in the towns, and a common oven is to be established in every village. Savings' Banks are already in favor in Saxony, a proportion of one in eleven of the total working population possessing an average of $40 laid up in these useful institutions. The system of Guilds, by which each trade forms a separate corporation, into which all who would exercise a given branch of industry are compelled to enter, still obtains in Saxony, and acts injuriously, as must all restrictive systems of this nature, but this antiquated evil, will probably soon be done away with.

Sweden has not been idle. All taxes on food have been abolished, establishments for the sale of articles of domestic consumption have been opened in various parishes, economic kitchens and bakeries, baths and wash-houses, savings' banks and sick clubs have been set on foot; the old system of Guilds swept away, distilleries and drunkenness discouraged, and a number of workmen's building societies established. At Stockholm the formation of a Permanent Economic Museum has been begun.

Denmark has also abolished all taxes on food, introduced stringent measures with regard to the sanitary conditions of the towns and workmen's dwellings, and founded schools, baths and wash-houses, savings banks and benefit societies.

All these measures have been adopted in Piedmont, with the addition of reformations for young criminals, and patronage societies, which take them by the hand when they return into the world and its temptations; hospitals, asylums, clubs, savings' banks, baths, economic kitchens, and soup societies, which provide soup gratis for the very poor during winter.

It is certainly painful to learn that the distress of the laboring classes is on the increase in all countries of Europe with the exception of Great Britain and Ireland, in which pauperism is now on the decrease, owing to increased rates of wages, and the lowering of the necessaries of life. But it is also satisfactory to see that this all-important question of the well-being and improvement of the vast class of the world's workers—destined by the fact of their numerical preponderance to become some day or other the world's masters—is beginning to receive a small portion of the attention its importance demands.

Numerous arrests have taken place here since my last, the arrested parties being supposed to be connected with the secret organization of the "Marianne," mentioned in one of my late letters. It is rumored that the police had discovered that the chiefs of this society had determined to assassinate the Emperor on his return from the south of France. Of the truth of these rumors we have no means of judging; and though some of the arrests were made in broad daylight, and troops were brought into play on the occasion, so that there can be no doubt of the fact of their having taken place, no French paper has been allowed to allude to the subject! Beautiful state of things! And the most beautiful point about it is the excessive doubtfulness of anything better being established in place of the present regime, even should its enemies succeed in overthrowing it!

Should society here hold together until next summer, an Exhibition of the Works of Living Artists will be held in this city in 1857, as now announced by the Moniteur. QUANTUM.

☞ AN EXPERIENCED SALESMAN.—A young man advertises in the Boston Post for a place as a sales man, and says he has had a great deal of experience, having been discharged from seven different stores within a month.

☞ HOME.—Keep your store of smiles and your kindest thoughts for home, give to the world only those which are to spare.

☞ BURR, the poet, is a great bore. One day he met Jerrold in Regent street, and prepared to button-hole him. "Well, Jerrold, what's going on?" said the author of "Marble Halls." "I am," responded Jerrold, and before his friend could say anything further, he was calmly pursuing the even tenor of his way.

☞ Hasty ebullitions are often met by silence, for the shame that follows the sober second thought, pierces deeper than rebuke.

PUBLIC MEETING OF WOMEN.

The women of Philadelphia are invited to attend a meeting of the Rescue Association, for the reformation, employment and instruction of Females who have led immoral lives. To be held at Sansom Street Hall, on the afternoon of Thursday, October 30th, 3 o'clock.

THE POTATO ALWAYS UNCERTAIN.

The potato was introduced into Ireland, and was becoming comparatively well known, about the middle of the seventeenth century. It was in more recent times, however, that it was universally adopted, especially in Ulster, that province so largely peopled by the Scotch. It was within the memory of people still living that an intelligent Scotch laborer learnt the plan of growing potatoes and cooking them, so that they should be palatable, and made a little fortune, upon which he passed the remainder of his days, by fees paid to him for imparting the instruction. Before his day, the Scotch rejected the vegetable as a disagreeable, wet, unpalatable, and unless article of food. The uncertainty of the crop has been known almost as long as the potato itself.

So early as 1629-'30, when there was a dearth in England, according to a writer in the "Philosophical Transactions," "the potatoes were a relief to Ireland probably in their last famine; they yield meat and drink." But by whatsoever alias we call the root—whether, as in Virginia, "openawk," or in botanical jargon, "solanum tuberosum," or in Anglo Irish of various periods, "potatoe," "potade," "palatee," "prates," "patata," or "phollie," the root has invariably been very precarious. In Scotland the adoption belongs almost to our own day. It may have baulked the soldiers of Cromwell, because it was buried underground, and they could not extirpate it so readily as they could have cut and carried growing corn. But if the potato was clever at deceiving the "proud invader," it has been quite as clever a traitor in deceiving the Irish themselves.

So early as 1739-'40, we hear of a great destruction of the potato by severe and long continued frost after a wet summer and autumn. In 1741 the people were cautioned against eating potatoes, as they were believed to be diseased, and they produced disease in men. There were failures again in 1765, when potatoes were scarce and small, as they were in 1826; in 1770, when there was the "curl," the disease in the leaves; and in 1779, when Arthur Young found the people sprinkling their land with lime to prevent the "black rot." There is, indeed, reason to believe the the black rot was the same that we have witnessed in our own day. As time advances, the failure becomes more frequent.

In 1784 the potato was called "spuggaus," from its diseased softness. There were failures again through excessive wet or excessive drought in 1795, and 1800 (the curl); in 1801, freezing of "the sets" in the ground; 1807, frost; 1809, the curl; 1811, excessive wet; 1812, failure of the plants; 1816, "the black rot;" 1817 scarcity; 1820, inundations; 1821 rot and "scouring" in some places; 1825, scarcity at high price; 1829, excessive wet; 1833, potato failure, with famine and pestilence; 1832, epidemic in the potato; 1833, "the curl," and probably the "rot;" 1834, a partial failure; 1835-'6, a scarcity 1838, general remarks on "inherent constitution weakness" and deterioration; 1839, "black rust."

In 1839-42 there were failures also in the island of Arran and Scottish Highlands; a "dry gangrene", the potato in Germany. After these dates we have between 1841 and 1851, more or less of unfavorable seasons every year, with partial or local failures in the three subsequent years. The total failure and famine of 1846 is in the memory of everybody. This mere recital of dates is sufficient to show how impossible it is to depend upon the potato as the staple of food for a nation. We are not, indeed, to suppose that the Irish man will instantly relinquish a root which is, in many respects, so immediately convenient; but a complete knowledge of its untrustworthy character will assist in removing it from the false position of being the staple upon which the whole body of the people is to rely, and will restore it to its proper place as an auxiliary amongst other vegetables for the table.

☞ GOOD LUCK.—Old Tusser has the following blessing, which we repeat for the benefit of our farmer friends:—

Good luck to the hoof and the horn;
Good luck to the flock and the fleece;
Good luck to the growers of corn,
With the blessings of plenty and peace.

☞ "I love the silent watches of the night," as the nocturnal thief said when he robbed the jeweller's shop.

☞ If five and a-half yards make a perch, how many will make a trout? If two hogsheads make pipe, how many will make a cigar?

☞ A fellow was fined five pounds at the Dub Police Court, in Ireland, for assault, and as he paid the fine with no small reluctance, he glanced at opponent, saying, "Wait till I get you in Limerick where beating's cheap, and I'll take the change of you!"

☞ A printer out West, whose first son happened to be a very short, fat little fellow, named him after Full-faced Jones.

If this Brevier Full-faced Jones follows the vocation of his father, his full face will be metamorphosed into Agate Hair-Line Antique.—*Worcester Transcript.*

THE wind that howls around the world's inclement regions Cares not that it extinguishes the widow's lamp.

☞ "Prose and verse" is the title of one of Mark Lemon's late books. Douglas Jerrold was asked his opinion of it. "Prose and—worse," replied the Wag, but severe, that.

☞ Can a pawnbroker's ticket be considered a ticket for a series of "balls?"

☞ Argument may be overcome by stronger argument, and force by greater force, but truth and falsehood have no relation—nothing in common, nothing by which the one can act upon the other. They do not clash apart, and will continue to do so till the end of time.—*Pascal.*

☞ A NEW PISTOL.—A pistol has been invented which will fire ninety times per minute, and send a ball forty yards farther than any gun.

☞ A NEAT JEU D'ESPRIT.—A correspondent favored us with the following extract from a letter upon Dr. Kane. It was sent to a friend in a private letter from Brattleboro' Mass., and was, we believe, written upon finishing Doctor's new and thrilling Book.—*Washington Intelligencer.*

EPIGRAM UPON OUR ARCTIC EXPLORER, DR KANE.

From the dawn of creation the name of old Cain
Has been cursed as the author of slaying;
But glory awaits in our age on the KANE
Who slays not, though famous for storming.
So fill up the cup to the KANE of the Pole,
Whose marvellous tale, though no fable,
Attests that for generous deeds of renown,
Our KANE is really KANE (Abel.)

☞ MR RUGGINS, at the breakfast-table—Ann, bring me a egg. Finished daughter—if you please, father. Speak correctly." "A negg, is it, my dear—a negg, eh? Well, Ann, instead of one you may bring me two.

WIT.

Parts may be praised, good nature is adored
Then draw your wit as seldom as your sword
As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set:
Their want of edge from their offence is seen
Both pain as least when most genteelly keen.

☞ I look upon every true [illegible] acquaintance to society, which [illegible] obstruct the good effect of any [illegible] ever; for they all partake of [illegible] and necessarily coincide with [illegible] the drops of rain which fall help mix themselves at once [illegible] strengthen the general current.

TIMBER-BENDING.

"You may break, but you cannot bend me," is a phrase that has hitherto been applied indiscriminately to persons who are either very heroic or very obstinate. It has also been applied to certain woods, such as oak and lignum vitæ. A great deal of braggadocio has been put into the unconscious mouths of trees (if, by a figure of speech, we may talk of trees having mouths at all) about the stubbornness of the heart of oak, and about the monarch of the forest never yielding to the storm; which, indeed, he seldom does, unless absolutely torn up by the roots;—although Shakspeare, who was not a bad observer, talks of the wind making "flexible the knees of knotted oaks." But, in plain truth, setting sentiment aside, the unyielding nature of timber has been one of its disadvantages for many practical and scientific purposes. Give a bar of iron to a smith or place a mass of material under the gentle persuasion of Nasmyth's hammer—and you may have what you will made out of it. You may have it moulded like clay by the hand of the potter; may expand it or contract it; shape it and re-shape it; twist and contort it; bend it into a sword or a ploughshare, an anchor or a rifle-barrel, a column for some airy yet substantial palace, or a girder for a suspension bridge. You may lengthen it into a line of rails for the swift passage of steam, or a Mersey tunnel, to span an arm of the sea, like some gigantic bracelet. Subject metal to the furnace, and you have a fluid stream, wherewith you may cast an Iron Duke, or any other shape of man or god you please. Sullen and hard at first sight, this ductile substance is your very slave, in fact; a genie of the mine, who waits your bidding to do wonders; a Proteus, to whom is given the power to change into a thousand forms. Not so has it been with wood. Place a piece of timber under the hammer, and it is shivered into fragments; give it to the furnace, and it is consumed. You may saw and join it; you may carve it into fantastic and beautiful designs; but you have not hitherto been able to use it with that facile manipulation which belongs to metal.

One result of this deficiency has been a great circumscribing of the uses to which timber might be put; another result has been excessive waste of material. When, in building a house or a ship, or in making a piece of furniture, it has been found necessary to employ a bar of wood of a curved shape, there were no means at one time of obtaining this curve, but by searching for a branch which was naturally bent in growing (and which, of course, could be met with only rarely) or by cutting a solid mass of timber into the required form. In the latter process all the outlaying parts of the wood—all those portions not included in the curve itself—were wasted, or were only available for very trivial purposes; for the curve, extending across the block and dividing it, would leave only small fragments of the material, of useless shape, on each side. In the case of metal, the process is easy and obvious enough; you have merely to take a straight bar, heat it, place it beneath the hammer, and coerce it into the needful convexity. Metal, therefore, has had an immense advantage over timber on the very important grounds of facility and economy; for, in the one case, you only use precisely what you want, while in the other you use more than you want. When Mr. Jones, having reached the summit of his earthly desires in obtaining the consent of Miss Smith to marry him (and also the consent of Mr. Peter Smith, and Mrs. Master Smith,) floats out for tables, chairs, and other et cetera, wherewith to furnish that desirable cottage residence in which the happy couple are to take up their abode in the company of love and a young servant, he pays more for these household comforts (meaning thereby, the tables, chairs, &c.,) than he otherwise would pay, because of the waste of material necessitated in their construction. The case, however, is not now as it was formerly. In a happy moment, some mechanical genius hit upon a process of bending timber by the application of heat to it.

Like the Reform Bill, however, it was only a step; and, if any old torryfied engineer with a dream of finality in his mind, had regarded the success already achieved as the summum bonum of such matters, Mr. Jones—not to speak of Mrs. Jones—would have had a right to quarrel with him. For Jones might have called his attention to the fact that the timber had a tendency to a debilitated constitution, very awkward in those articles of furniture wherein the first requisite is strength; that it was weak and fragile, not unfrequently breaking under a moderate pressure, and sometimes absolutely unbending and returning to primitive straightness, like a young lady's carefully got-up curls on a damp day. All this Mrs. Jones might have exhibited out of direful experience; but, of the reason—cause of the effect—he would probably have been ignorant. The explanation, however, is not very abstruse. In the ordinary process of bending, the fibre is strained. Thus, any curved piece of wood is weakest in the sharpest part of the curve. Scientific men, indeed, have argued that, for practical purposes, great curves are impossible; and they have defined their theory thus:—To bend a piece of wood, you must extend the outer circumference and compress the inner. Now as wood is inexpansible, you cannot bend it without injuring the fibre, and consequently weakening the whole mass.

Such was the orthodox theory; but, in the same way that the knowing ones on the race course often make the most astounding mistakes in their forecastings to their own great pecuniary disadvantage and the edification of a censorious world, so will it frequently occur that professed scientific men, too mindful of abstract theories to make practical innovations, and themselves suddenly confronted with some new application of those theories, or some complete reversal of them. These audacious exhibitions of scientific heterodoxy have of late years been more common in America than elsewhere. The active, volatile, knowing States' man is as little disposed to submit to antiquated authority in intellectual matters as in political affairs. He will not have an hereditary hierarchy, guarded with fictions of divine right in matters of discovery, any more than in the physical world which he occupies. He will have an assistant in the Republic of Ideas; and he has taken himself entire liberty to set him aside as fit for being useful has gone by. Every man in a republic shall have a vote; and the best man shall carry the day. Therefore has it come to pass that Jonathan, disregarding the assertion that timber will be beat without weakening the fibre, has set himself to work to see how he can overcome the difficulty, and has discovered a method which, to judge from the accounts given by the most eminent engineers, both of America and England, will be of the greatest service to ship-building and domestic architecture, and in the construction of all pieces of furniture in which it is necessary to employ curved timber. It has been already so employed in the United States, where a Roman Catholic cathedral is surmounted by a dome fashioned out of wood bent by the new process. This dome has been found to be lighter, stronger, cheaper, and more elegant, than the domes usually formed of metal, brick, and papier-mâché.

By this invention, which has been patented in America, and is now just introduced into England, the strength of the wood is increased at least seventy-five per cent. at the point where strength is most required. The curve, moreover, never relaxes. The timber, as in the old process, is first subjected to the influence of steam, which softens the whole mass, and puts it in a fit state for the action of a machine. The principle of bending, as employed in the new application, is based on end-pressure, combined with denoting and turning at the same time; the capillary tubes by forcing them into the curve. These tubes are only of use when the wood is green; and their consolidation increases with the age of the timber, the pressure being so nicely adjusted that the wood is neither flattened nor spread out in the outer circumference of the wood expanded, though the inner is contracted. Now, the error of the former process, as expounded by competent judges, has arisen from the disintegrating of the fibre of the wood by expanding the whole mass over a rigid mould. Wood can be more easily compressed than expanded; therefore, it is plain that a process which induces a greater closeness in the component parts of the piece under operation—which, as it were, locks up the whole mass by knitting the fibres together—must augment the degrees of hardness and power of resistance. The wood thus becomes almost impervious to damp and to the depredations of insects, while its increased density renders it less liable to take fire; and the present method of cutting and shaping timber being superseded, a saving of from two to three fourths of the material is brought about. The action of the machine throws the cross-grains into right angles; the knots are compelled to follow the impulse of the bending; the juices are forced out of the cells of the wood, and the cavities are filled up by the interlacing fibres. In the same way, you may sometimes see in the iron of which the barrels of muskets are made a kind of dark grain which indicates that the particles of the metal, either in the natural formation or in welding, have been strongly clenched in one another. These specimens are always greatly valued for their extraordinary toughness, as well as for a certain fantastical and mottled beauty.

Another of the good results of this new method is that the wood is seasoned by the same process as that which effects the bending. The seasoning of wood is simply the drying of the juices, and the reduction of the mass to its minimum size before it is employed, so that there shall be no future warping. But, as we have already shown, the compression resorted to in the American system at once expels the sap; and a few hours are sufficient to convert green timber into thoroughly seasoned wood. Here is an obvious saving of time, and also of money; for the ordinary mode of seasoning, by causing the wood to lie waste for a considerable period, locks up the capital of the trader, and of course enhances the price to the purchaser. Time also will be saved in another way, in searching for pieces of wood of the proper curve for carrying out certain designs. "How delighted," says Mr. Jervis, the United States inspector of timber, "will the shipwright be to get clear of the necessity of searching for crooked pieces of timber! There need no longer be any breaking of bats in the frame as we have been wont to break them. We shall see numbers one, two, and three futtocks, at least, all in one piece." An English engineer (Mr. Charles Mayhew) remarks that one of the advantages of the American method is that, "in its application to all circular, wreathed, or twisted work, it not only preserves the continuous grain of the wood, which is now usually and laboriously done by narrow slips of veneer glued on cores cut across the grain, with many unsightly joints, all concealed at best; but it will materially reduce the cost of all curved work, which now varies, according to the quickness of the sweep, and will give the artist greater freedom in his design, by allowing him to introduce lines which are now cautiously avoided in order to prevent the cost of their execution." Dr. Hooker, Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. Rennie, Mr. Galloway, civil engineers, and other eminent scientific men, confirm these judgments. A specimen of bent oak now lies before us, and exhibits a beautiful continuity in the sweep of the fibres.

Timber-bending has reached a new stage of development; and it is not too much to anticipate that it will have considerable influence on the industrial arts.

THE MANUFACTURES OF INDIA.

From the most remote times India has been celebrated for its varied and beautiful manufactures. Herodotus, speaking of the land of the Hindoos, says, "The wild trees of that country bear fleeces as their fruit, surpassing those of sheep in beauty and excellence; and the Indians use cloth made from those trees." In a passage of the "Rig Veda," supposed to have been written about fifteen centuries before our era, mention is made of the weaver and his art. And, many centuries since, the Arabs continually imported into Europe large quantities of cloths, of silk and cotton, of splendid fabrics and devices. Calicoes and muslins, both plain and printed, formed a staple of the Dutch and Portuguese trade with India. As early as 1638, these goods were taken by the English merchant to the value of £50,000. Fifty years later they amounted to £160,000 annually, and began to supplant the French goods in the English market.

Early in the eighteenth century, the British legislature, anxious to foster the home-manufacture of cotton goods, prohibited the wear of Indian muslins and calicoes, but in vain; the Indian fabrics were so far superior to any produced in Europe, that they continued in general use until the discovery of the spinning-jenny, the power-loom, and the steam-engine, flung the competition of the East far into the shade, and created a new era in the industry of mankind.

From 1771 to 1783, the annual imports into Great Britain of India piece-goods, were, on the average, £1 200,000. From that rate till 1806, they appear to have increased to something over £2 000,000, but afterwards declined to the old figures, and eventually ceased altogether, to be supplanted, in place of their manufacture, by the produce of the steam engine.

Foremost among the woven fabrics of India, are the world-renowned shawls of Cashmere, the finest of which, in spite of many imitations in this country, are still produced in the "Vale of Cashmere," whence continues to come the supply of the most valuable wool employed in the manufacture. The Cashmere goat thrives nowhere so well as amidst the grassy ravines and shady clefts of the Cashmere hills. From the neck and under part of the body of this creature are taken the fine, glossy, silk-like hair which is worked up into these beautiful shawls, with a taste and skill which all the mechanical ingenuity of Europe has never been able to imitate with more than partial success.

At one time upwards of 30 000 looms at Lahore were devoted to the production of these exquisite fabrics; since then they have been reduced to something like 16,000 looms. The true Cashmere shawl is still sought, and paid for at enormous prices. Even in India, it is by no means unusual for a rajah to pay ten thousand rupees (£1,000), for one of the finest of these productions; and which, in all probability, will have cost the labor of a whole family for a lifetime.

The Hindoo artisans have obtained great and deserved celebrity for their skill in pottery; and also for their tasteful designs and excellent finish with which they form articles of gold and silver manufacture. In this, however, they have been surpassed by the European artists in their metals. The whole industrial process of India are now in a state of transition. Western ideas and manners are influencing the pursuits and minds of the Hindoos. The results of these innovations are not clearly discernible, but, whatever these may be, there can be no doubt that the Hindoos, with their organization so admirably adapted to patient, peaceful, and ingenious pursuits, will always occupy a high position among the industrial nations of the world.

BAD FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA.—About two o'clock on the morning of the 17th, a fire commenced in the lumber yard of Samuel Megarge, on the Delaware, near the Flag Bridge. The lumber yard was entirely destroyed, and the fire thence extended to the iron rolling mill of Jas. and Nathan Rowland, and the machine works of T. B. Chapman, doing very great damage. About twenty buildings on Beach, Penn, and Poplar streets, were destroyed; also Joseph Anthony's carpenter shop, and George F. Burmeder's ship chandlery. The loss is estimated at $200,000. The steam engine "Young America," and the Boston Engine Company "Cataract," were at the fire doing excellent service.

RAILWAY TRAVELLING IN GERMANY.

There is a difference of opinion among travelling sages, as to whether a man ought, under any circumstances, to travel first-class by rail in Germany. The first-class carriages are luxurious—nay, even splendid vehicles, softly padded, lined with crimson velvet, and extensively furnished with silken fringes and curtains. On the other hand, the second-class carriages are also lined and padded, and are at least seventy-five per cent. more comfortable than our best English first class carriages. Moreover, in the second class, there are but two compartments to a seat for four persons, so that, if the carriage be not full, you may recline at full length on the cushions, which, in night travelling, is very comfortable, and rejoices you much; but then the reverse to that medal is, that German second-class carriages are nearly invariably full to the window sill. The Germans themselves repudiate the first-class stoutly, and it has passed into a Viator's proverb, that none but "princes, Englishmen, and fools, travel by the first class." I have no particular affection for Englishmen abroad, but I like the company of princes, and you may often have worse travelling companions than fools; so I travel, when I can afford it, first-class. There are other temptations thereto. The carriage is seldom more than half full, if that, and you may change your place when you list, which, in a dragging journey of three hundred and fifty miles or so, is a privilege of no small moment; and you have plenty of side room for your rugs, and your books, and your carpet bags. Then, again, there are but six passengers to a carriage instead of eight; and again, besides the possible proximity of his effulgency, the reigning Grand Duke of Gumpetpalskirchen-Herrenbonen, the Englishman, and the fool, you may have as a travelling companion a lady, young, pretty, tastefully dressed, and adorably affable, as the triumphant simplicity of German ladies (bless them!) are; and that lady will smile at your mistakes in German, but without wounding your amour propre, and will teach you more of that hard-mouthed language—viva voce—in ten minutes, than you would learn in a month from a grammar and vocabulary, or from university-professor Doctor Schinkelstrumpf's two dollar lessons. And this lady (whom you long immediately to call "du," and fall on your knees in the carriage before) will ask you questions about the barbarous country you inhabit, and explain to you the use and meaning of common things, such as windmills, milestones, and the like, with a naivete and simple-mindedness, deliriously delightful to contemplate; she will give you little meat-pies and sweet cakes to eat from her own amply-stored bags; she will even—if you are very agreeable and well-behaved—allow you to comfort yourself outwardly with a dash of eau-de-cologne from a silver-mouthed vial, and inwardly with a sip from a wicker-covered flask containing a liquid whose nature it is no business of yours to inquire; she will sing you little German songs, and cut the leaves of your book with an imitation poinard; and all this she will do with an unaffected kindness and simple dignity, that the traveller who would presume upon it, or be rude to her, must be a double-distilled brute and pig, and only fit to travel in the last truck of an Eastern Counties fish-train, or take care of the blind monkeys in the zoological gardens.

And all good spirits bless and multiply the fair ladies of Germany! They never object to smoking. There are certain carriages—"fur Damen"—into which the men creatures do not penetrate, and from which tobacco smoke is, as a rule, prohibited; but the ladies seldom (the nice ones never) patronise the carriages specially affected to their use. They just take railway luck with the ruder sex; and as for smoking—cigar smoking always understood—they like it; they delight in it. They know, sagacious creatures, that a traveller with a cigar in his mouth is twice a man; that the fumes of the fragrant Havana loosen the tongue, and open the heart and dispel awkwardness and diffidence; that he who wants to smoke, and is prevented from smoking, always feels aggrieved and oppressed, and is correspondingly sulky, disobliging, and morose. The only drawback to the society of the German lady in the railway is this: that when she alights at a station, and in her silvery voice bids you adieu and bon voyage, there are always waiting on the platform for her other ladies young and pretty as herself, or else moustachioed relations (I hope they are relations), who fall to kissing her, and pressing both her hands, till you fall into despair, and howl with rage in your crimson velvet prisoners' van. Then the train rolls away, and you feel that there is a nature-abhorred vacuum in the left-hand corner of your waistcoat, and that Fraulein von Name Unknown has taken your heart away with her, and is now, probably, hanging it over her chimney-piece as a trophy, as an Indian chief does the scalps of his enemies to the poles of his hunting lodge.—*Household Words.*

DEATH OF CAPTAIN DEATH.—Perhaps history cannot afford a more remarkable instance of desperate courage than that shown by the officers and crew of an English privateer, called the Terrible, under the command of Capt. Death, of twenty-six guns and two hundred men. On the 23d of December, 1757, he engaged and made prize of a large French ship, after an obstinate battle, in which he had his brother and sixteen seamen killed. He then secured his prize with forty men, and directed his course for England; but, in a few days, he had the misfortune to fall in with the Vengeance, of thirty-six guns, a privateer, off St. Domingo. Their first step was to attack the prize, which was easily retaken; the two ships then bore down upon the Terrible, whose mainmast was cut away by the first broadside. Notwithstanding this disaster, the Terrible maintained such a furious engagement against both, as can hardly be paralleled in the annals of the British navy. The French commander and his second lieutenant were killed, with two thirds of his company; but the gallant Captain Death, with the greater part of his officers and almost his whole crew, having met with the same fate, his ship was boarded by the enemy, who found no more than twenty-six persons alive; sixteen of whom were mutilated by the loss of a leg or an arm, and the other ten grievously wounded! The ship itself lay like a wreck upon the water, and the whole exhibited a scene of horror and desolation. The victor itself was so shattered, that it was scarcely able to tow the Terrible into St. Maloes, where she was beheld with astonishment and terror. This adventure was no sooner known in England, than a liberal subscription was raised for the support of Death's widow, and that part of the crew which survived the engagement. There was a strange combination of names belonging to this privateer; the Terrible was equipped at Execution Dock, commanded by Captain Death; his lieutenant was named Devil, and the surgeon's name was Ghost.—*Chronicles of the Sea.*

PROPER UNDER CLOTHING FOR WINTER.—The Medical Specialist recommends for gentlemen Welsh flannel or merino (all wool) shirts, with drawers of the same material. *Knitted* worsted stocking, with a chamois leather jerkin or waistcoat with sleeves, to be worn over the flannel in the coldest weather, or in bleak windy days. For the ladies, the same garments of the same materials, except that in the article of drawers, they may preferentially use linsey-woolsey, or Canton flannel, and these should be made tight at the ankles. *No hoops! no flannel sleeves* for the cold air to rush up to the arm-pits, and chill the chest. The shirt and other undercloathes, as well as the dress, should be made *to cover the shoulders and collar bone*, close around the throat. By this means you will be prevented from throwing additional weight upon the shoulders, in the shape of extra shawls and cloaks, and thus diminish the labor of breathing. Also *cover the top of the head.* Beware of catarrh and neuralgia!

ANCIENT JEWISH NOTIONS ON MARRIAGE AND ITS DUTIES.

Marriages were supposed to be arranged in Heaven; and forty days before the birth of a child, it was there announced to whom he or she was to be wedded. The marriage relation should be entered between eighteen and twenty; but these ties do not prevent the zealous student from prosecuting his studies. The policy of second marriages was considered doubtful, as nothing could make up for the loss of a first wife. (Isaiah liv. 6.) An unmarried person was without any good, (Gen. ii. 18,) without joy, (Deut. xiv 26) without blessing, (Ezek, xliv. 30,) without protection, (Jer. xxxi. 23,) without peace, (Job v. 24,) and could not properly be called a man. (Gen. v. 2.) In the choice of a wife, regard should be paid to her family, as daughters generally imitated their fathers, and sons their maternal uncles. The most prized connexion was that with the family of a sage, or at least with that of a ruler of a synagogue, or the president of a poor's board, or of a teacher of youth. Connexion with the unlettered could not be allowed, if the wealth so acquired were to be devoted to assist the sage in his studies; in general, the unlearned were "dead even while living." (Isaiah xxvi. 14.)

Mutual affection and modesty, specially on the part of the wife, was regarded as the chief means of obtaining male descendants. It was observed that God formed woman neither out of the head, lest she should become proud, nor out of the eye, lest she should lust, nor out of the ear, lest she should be curious, nor out of the mouth, lest she should be talkative, nor out of the heart, lest she should be jealous, nor out of the hand, lest she should be covetous, nor out of the foot, lest she should gad about, but out of the rib, which was always covered. Improper marriages—from lust, for beauty, or for money—were strongly condemned and described as leading to wretchedness, inasmuch as whether good or bad, woman is always so in the superlative degree. The husband is bound not only to honor and love, but to treat his wife with courtesy; her tears call down divine vengeance. In general, he is to spend less than his means warrant for food, up to his means for his own clothing, and beyond that limit for that of his wife and children. As woman is formed from a rib, and man from the ground, man seeks a wife, and *vice versa*; he only seeks what he has lost. This also explains why man is more easily reconciled than woman—he is made of soft earth, and she of hard bone. A woman should abstain from all appearance of evil, immodesty, or impropriety, she should always meet her husband cheerfully, cleanly, and kindly, receive his friends with politeness and affability, and be obedient, and respectful. —*Edersheim's History of the Jewish Nation.*

A GRAPHIC PICTURE OF NAPOLEON.

The personal appearance of Napoleon, in the last days of his power, is thus described by Lamartine, and will be interesting as coming from his pen, though we doubt very much its correctness:

"The Empire had made him old before his time—Gratified ambition, satiated pride, the delights of a palace, a luxurious table, a voluptuous couch, youthful wives, complaisant mistresses, long vigils, sleepless nights, divided between labor and festive pleasure, the habit of constant riding which made him corpulent,—all tended to deaden his limbs and enervate his faculties. An early obesity overloaded him with flesh. His cheeks, formerly streaked with muscles and hollowed by the working of genius, were broad, full and overhanging, like those of Otho in the Roman medals of the Empire. An excess of bile mingling with the blood, gave a yellow tint to the skin, which, at a distance looked like a varnish of pale gold on his countenance. His lips still preserved their Grecian outline and steady grace, passing easily from a smile to a menace. His solid, bony chin formed an appropriate base for his features. His nose was but a line, thin and transparent. The paleness of his cheeks gave greater brilliancy to the blue of his eyes. His look was searching, unsteady as a wavering flame—an emblem of inquietude. His forehead seemed to have widened, from the scantiness of his thin black hair, which was falling from the moisture of continual thought. It might be said that his head, naturally small, had increased in size to give ample scope between his temples for the machinery and combination of a mind, every thought of which was an empire. The map of the world seemed to have been encrusted on the orb of that reflective head. But it was beginning to yield; and he inclined it often on his breast, while crossing his arms like Frederick the Great—an attitude and gesture which he appeared to affect. Unable any longer to seduce his courtiers and his soldiers by the charm of youth, it was evident he wished to fascinate them by the rough, pensive and disdainful character of himself—of his model in his latter days. He moulded himself, as it were, into the statue of reflection, before his troops, who gave him the nickname of *Father Thoughtful*. He assumed the pose of destiny. Something rough, rude, and savage in his movements, revealed his southern and insular origin. The man of the Mediterranean broke out constantly through the Frenchman. His nature, too great and too powerful for the part he had to play, overflowed on all occasions. He bore no resemblance to any of the men around him. Superior and altogether different, he was an offspring of the sun, of the sea, and of the battle field,—out of his element even in his own palace, and a stranger even in his own empire. Such was at this period the profile, the bust, and the external physiognomy of Napoleon."

AFRICAN REPTILES.—Not even the puff-adder has a more sinister fame than the monster toad, about a foot long and eight inches wide, with a spotted green back, yellow belly, and large red eyes, which, the Kaffirs say, spit fire. Men and animals abhor it; horses are shy when it appears, or when its discordant croak is heard in the marshes.

"Three brothers, Dutch boers, lived together in a large farm-house, in the western district of Clanwilliam, in the old Cape Colony. One day, whilst two of them were out, a 'smouse,' or pedlar, came to the farm, having, amongst other articles, a quantity of Capé wine for sale. After some little bargaining, the Dutchman bought a cask of wine, and getting it tapped, he drew off a cupful, and drank it. Shortly after the pedlar had departed, the young man complained of thirst, and telling the servant to inform his brothers, should they return, where he was, and to prepare the dinner by the time he returned, he went out to a neighbor's spring, to obtain a drink of water. He had hardly gone, ere his elder brother came in and inquired for him. Hearing where he was, and seeing the wine, he told the servant to bring him a cupful of it, and she having done so, he drank it and went out, saying he would go to the well, and seek his brother. Neither returned, and, some two hours afterwards, the third brother came home from hunting, and hearing what had happened, he went out in search of his brothers, and found them both together, lying at the spring quite dead. He immediately sent for the Veldt cornet of the district, and caused search to be made for the pedlar. He was easily found, and came to the farm, protesting his innocence of the murder of the Dutchmen, of which their brother accused him. In the altercation which took place between them, the farmer accused the pedlar of having poisoned the wine which he had sold. This the latter indignantly denied, and to prove (as he said) that he had not done so, he called for a large cupful of it. This he received, drank it, and, in a few minutes afterwards, was a corpse. The wine was then spilt out, and after the cask had been emptied, something was heard rattling about in the inside, the head was immediately stove in, when an immense 'Donder paadje' or Monster Toad, was found in it."

There was no analytical chemist at Clanwilliam; so the settlers believed that the toad had poisoned the wine, and there was no one to prove them wrong—or right.—*Fleming's Southern Africa.*

POLITICAL NEWS.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.—The following is a summary of the laws and constitutional requirements in the election of a President and Vice-President:

1. Electors elected on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November.

2. Electors meet on the first Wednesday in December, and cast their votes. They then sign three certificates—send a messenger with one copy to the President of the Senate at Washington before the first Wednesday in January—another by mail to the same person, and the third deliver to the United States District Judge where electors meet.

3. Each State provides by law for filling any vacancy in the Board of Electors, occasioned by absence, death, or resignation. Such of the electors as are present are generally authorized to fill any vacancy.

4. The Governor gives notice to electors of their election before the first Wednesday in December.

5 On the second Wednesday in February, Congress shall be in session and open the returns. The President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the House of Representatives, open the certificate of returns, and count the votes. The person having the greatest number of votes for President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors, shall be the President.

6. If no person has a majority as above, the choice is to be made from the three highest returned. The members of the House, by States, form themselves into Electoral Committees, and the majority determine which is to be the choice of the State—each State having only one vote.

7. If neither of the candidates get a majority of the States before the 4th of March, then the Vice-President shall act as President.

8. If the people do not elect through their Electors a Vice-President, then the Senate of the United States shall make the election from the two highest candidates returned to them by the electors.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Fillmore Whigs in Mr. Burlingame's district, have nominated Wm. Appleton for Congress.

The Boston Post states that the Hon. Rufus Choate positively declines the nomination for Congress, tendered to him by the Democrats of the Fourth District, at their Convention in that city on the 13th inst.

THE OPPOSITION IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Meetings of the Republican Executive Committee, the North American Executive Committee, and the American (Fillmore) Executive Committee took place in this city last week. Various plans to form a Union Electoral ticket were proposed by the two former to the last named, but the Fillmore Committee decided not to come into any arrangement of any kind, but to adhere to the Fillmore ticket as already nominated.

The members of the Republican State Committee of the North American State Committee, and a small minority of the Fillmore Committee, then met and agreed to nominate a Union Electoral Ticket, upon the basis proposed by the Union State Committee, in their call for a Union State Convention, to be held in Harrisburg on the twenty-first instant; to wit, twenty-six names in common, the twenty-seventh name to be different on the tickets voted for by the Fillmore and Fremont men respectively, the vote of the electors, if chosen, to be cast *pro rata*, according to the vote given for the twenty-seventh name respectively. It was also agreed that the Electoral ticket to be voted for by the Fremont men should be headed by the name of John C. Fremont, and that to be voted for by the Fillmore men, by the name of Millard Fillmore.

The following is the Electoral Ticket chosen, the Fillmore ticket being the same except in the leading name:—

ELECTORS AT LARGE.

JOHN C. FREMONT.
GEN. JAMES IRWIN, of Centre Co.

DISTRICT ELECTORS.

1. Joseph Edwards, Philadelphia.
2. George N. Eckert, "
3. George Seidenstrucker, "
4. William Jewell, "
5. A. G. Rowland, "
6. Caleb N. Taylor, Bucks.
7. William Darlington, Chester.
8. William M. Baird, Berks.
9. Michael H. Shirk, Lancaster.
10. Simon Cameron, Dauphin.
11. John McCormick, Northumberland.
12. Smith B. Thompson, Montour.
13. Russell F. Lord, Wayne.
14. Frederick E Smith, Tioga.
15. Abraham Updegraff, Lycoming.
16. Joseph D. Simpson, Perry.
17. Hezekiah Easton, Franklin.
18. Edward Scull, Somerset.
19. Wm. M. Stewart, Indiana.
20. Alfred Patterson, Fayette.
21. B. C. Sawyer, Allegheny.
22. Jacob Painter, "
23. Lawrence L. M Gunn, Lawrence.
24. George W. Arnold, Clarion.
25 James Skinner, Erie.

It thus appears that there will be four electoral tickets in the field in this State—the Democratic, the separate Fillmore ticket, the Union Fillmore ticket, and the Union Fremont ticket—the last two being the same with the exception of one name. This last arrangement however may be overturned, as many of the Fremont men are not very well pleased with it, and want a straight-out ticket.

PENNSYLVANIA ELECTION.—The official returns are not all received as we go to press, but it is thought the Democratic majority in the State will be about 5,000. In this city the Democratic majority was 3,400. The vote in Philadelphia was a very large one, and charges of fraud are very prevalent. Since 1848, our important elections have been as follows:—

	Democratic.	Opposition.	Total.
1848—(President,)	21,806	32,108	53,914
1850— do.	20,022	26 347	52 369
1851—(Governor,)	24,529	29 379	53,915
1851—(Canal Com'r,)	26,884	26,040	54,324
1850—(Mayor,)	28,551	25,745	55,229
1850—(Canal Com'r,)	21,544	21,922	66,470

The city of New York never polled higher than 60,357, which was at the Governor's election two years ago. The increase in this city has been about 11,000 in five months. The three parties into which the citizens of Philadelphia are divided, appear, by the vote for Prothonotary, to number nearly as follows:—Democratic, 34,500; American, 22,000; Republican, 9 000.

Of the 25 Congressmen elected, the Democrats claim 15—and a majority in both Houses of the Legislature. The Opposition claim 12 instead of 10—and a majority in the Legislature. Future returns must decide these points. Mr. Hickman (Dem.) in Chester and Delaware, is re-elected—owing to a poll of 455 votes for Larkin, (American,) a third candidate.

KANSAS.—In addition to the return of Whitfield, as Delegate to Congress, the Pro-Slavery men in Kansas elected all their candidates for the Legislature by a large majority. In fact, almost a unanimous vote. No attempt at disturbance was made in any part of the Territory—the Free Statesmen very generally keeping away from the polls.

THE RALEIGH CONFERENCE.—We see it stated that several of the Governors of the Slave-holding States will meet in Raleigh on Monday next, to take into consideration what should be done in case Col Fremont is elected President; but the result of their conference is still wrapped in mystery. It is to be hoped that their conclusions speedily will be given to the world.

FLORIDA.—The Savannah Georgian states that, according to its figures, official and reported, from Florida, Perry, (Dem.) leads Walker, (American,) about 300 for Governor; and Hawkins, (Dem.) leads Baker, (American,) full 400 for Congress. The remaining counties, it is thought, are more likely to increase than diminish these majorities. Other papers, however, incline to think the American ticket elected.

OHIO.—The Republicans have carried Ohio—they claim from 20 000 to 30,000 majority. The Congressional delegation will probably stand 13 Republicans to 8 Democrats.

In the Cincinnati Congressional Districts, the vote stands thus:—Pendleton, Dem., 5,038; Tart, Republican, 3,106; Torrence, American, 2 389. In the Second District the vote is for Groesbeck, Dem., 5,297; for Gurley, Republican, 4 404; for Harrison, American, 3 110.

INDIANA.—Returns from eighty-five counties give a majority for A. P. Willard, Dem., for Governor, of 5 200.

The seven remaining counties gave at the Congressional election in 1854, a fusion majority of only 170. Willard's election is therefore secure.

The Congressional districts have all been heard from in a remote shape, and the next delegation will stand as follows, 7 Democrats and 4 Fusion:—

First District—	Jas. Lockhard,	Democrat.
Second "	Wm. H English,	"
Third "	Jas. Hughes,	"
Fourth "	Jas. B Foley,	"
Fifth "	David Kilgore,	Fusion.
Sixth "	J. M. Greer,	Democrat.
Seventh "	John G. Davis,	"
Eighth "	D. W. Voorhees,	"
Ninth "	Schuyler Colfax,	Fusion.
Tenth "	Sam Brenton,	"
Eleventh "	John U Pettit	"

WISCONSIN.—The Wisconsin Legislature has just concluded its session and adjourned. The Judiciary Committee of the Senate, to whom was intrusted the matter of an inquiry into the alleged frauds in the State canvass last fall, have reported that Bashford's majority was rightfully about 6,000. It will be remembered that Barstow, Democrat, was originally announced that Barstow, Democrat, was originally announced that Barstow was returned by fraud; that in pursuance of that return he actually took the office, threatened to sustain himself in it by force, and to that position was upheld for a time, by the Legislature. Since then the frauds have been proved.

RESIGNED.—Judge Kelley, of this city, who ran as the Republican candidate for Congress in the Fourth District, has resigned his Judgeship.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—In this State the Congressional election has resulted in the re-election of McQueen, Boyce, Keitt, Brooks, and Orr, (all Democrats.) The Legislature is also Democratic, of course. Miles is elected to Congress in the Charleston district over Gadsden.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.—Whatever may be the result of the next Presidential contest, the recent elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, have settled the complexion of the House of Representatives in the Thirty fifth Congress. The Democratic gains, so far as ascertained, comprise nine in Pennsylvania, seven in Ohio, and five in Indiana—in all twenty-one. Deducting the three Republican gains in Maine, Iowa, and Missouri, and eighteen still remain to the credit of the Democracy, which will rather be increased than diminished by the results in other States. In many districts American candidates are running in competition with the Republican nominees.

NEWS ITEMS.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN FRANCE.—Louis Napoleon has positively and peremptorily ordered the prefects of France to allow to all the Protestants in their district the free and undisturbed exercise of their religion, desiring that he may hear of no more persecutions of the Protestants, and that they may never again be disturbed in their worship.

THE LARGEST CATTLE TRAIN YET.—A stock train consisting of 118 cars, loaded almost exclusively with cattle, was despatched eastward over the Central Railroad from Rochester, New York, on Saturday evening, 18th instant, each car contained fifteen head of cattle. The receipts of the company for this train were $8,260.

"ALL FOR LOVE."—A young carpenter, named Coates, shot himself, a few nights since, for love, in a church, at the intersection of the Georgetown and Greenville roads, near New Albany, Indiana.

APPLES.—Some successful apple-growers in Maine always pluck the fruit before it is quite ripe, as in this way it is found to keep much longer.

THE HOUSE which General Harrison lived in, in Jeffersonville, Indiana, when Governor of the North-Western Territory, was destroyed by fire, a day or two ago.

HALF PENCE AND FARTHINGS.—Until the time of King Edward I., the English penny was so deeply indented that it might easily be broken and parted, on occasion, in two parts—these were called half pence—or into four—these were called four things, farthings.

A GREAT BORE.—The Hoosic Tunnel Company expect to get 1,000 feet into the mountain by the 1st of next April, and to have seven miles of the road completed by the same time.

SLAVES MANUMITTED.—A gentleman recently died near Stanton, Virginia, leaving a large property and several slaves. Previous to his death he called his servants around his bed, offering all those who wished to be released from bondage their freedom.—Seven chose the latter. They are now on their way, in company with the executor of the estate, *en route* for Highland County, Ohio, where they intend to make their future home.

A "FAST" MAN.—The Petersburg (Va.) Intelligencer says there is a man in that city who smokes, chews and drinks to the following tune: 244 gallons of brandy drank, one mile and 1 of tobacco chewed, and 9½ miles of cigars smoked in one year. Rather a hard case.

AMERICAN STEEL MANUFACTURE.—There are eighteen establishments for manufacturing steel in our country; these have a capacity for making 14 000 tons per annum. We have the best ores in the world for making steel.

RASPBERRY JAM.—A large quantity of raspberry jam was brought from Sugar Island, Lake Superior, on the last trip of the steamer Illinois to Detroit, Michigan. Twenty tons of the jam will be manufactured there this season. The berries are purchased from the Indians, and the price of the jam is, this year, twenty cents per pound. Last year it sold at twelve cents, but has advanced in consequence of the high price of sugar.

ACQUITTED.—Lieutenant Glover, who was recently tried before the Grant County (Wisconsin) Circuit Court, for killing a deserter from the United States service, in the act of desertion, has been acquitted.

ENGLISH POTTERY.—Staffordshire, in England, is the great seat of the porcelain and pottery manufactories. No less than 60,000 persons are employed in the works, and the annual value of the porcelain manufactured amounts to about $10,000,000 per annum—three fourths of which are exported.

FEMALE WAGES are still very high in California. Advertisements in San Francisco papers offer $60 a month and $40 for a girl. A letter says—"It would astonish you to see some of our servant girls in full rig in Montgomery Street. A $75 blue velvet dress, a $30 bonnet, gold chains and big cameos to match are not at all unfrequent."

VALUABLE IMMIGRANTS.—Two vessels recently arrived from Leghorn at New York, bringing 59 passengers, *all* of whom were organ grinders.

THE ANDOVER ADVERTISER says Mr. John Thompson, of Frye Village, last spring planted two top onions. One of them split into thirteen at the

CHANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE NORTH PACIFIC SURVEYING AND EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

"ONE OF THE PLEASURES OF A SEA LIFE."

Many very sensible people have a strange idea, that it is quite a pleasant thing to go to sea; but I have generally found that few of them have ever tried it themselves. They read exciting sea novels, or interesting incidents of travel by land and water, and like a young backwoodsman freshly thrown in contact with the world, jump at a great many very wrong conclusions. I only ask such romantic minds to read the following account of the "old John's" performances during the day-hours of June, 1855, and then see if they can imagine any comforts to be derived from participating in similar scenes.

We were running along the north-eastern coast of the Japanese island of Nipon, under both sail and steam; had had no observations for some days; were enveloped in a *fog* that might have apparently been cut with a knife; knew that strong and unknown currents swept around us; had no chart from which to get even an *idea* of said north eastern coast; were anything but certain as to our locality; felt that a gale of wind was coming down upon us, and were nervously anxious to reach shelter in the harbor of Hakodadi, island of Jesso, before night. This harbor we *supposed* to be some fifty miles off; that was where our dead reckoning placed it; but then dead reckoning was proverbially unreliable, and the unknown currents already alluded to, only added to this uncertainty. We were steering what we also *supposed* to be the right course, to make the *nor* heast point of Nipon, before starting to cross the straits that separated it from Jesso, so that we might use it as a fresh starting point in finding our way through the fog, but we had expected to discover it before breakfast, and it was now getting on towards noon, and there was still nothing to be seen but fog, fog, and occasionally a heavy-winged sea-bird breaking through its dense folds, hovering over us for a moment, and then darting away from sight as suddenly as it had appeared.

We were going along very fast, too, for the "old John," at least eight or nine knots the hour, for the wind and sea were both astern, and, like any other collection of matter, she could not stand still under such circumstances, had she been disposed to. Besides, we had also got up steam that morning, and the boiling water under her Dutch galliot like stern, told that the propeller was [illegible] a hand to urge her ahead. No wonder, then, that she waddled along through the water and fog at the above unusual rate.

This "unusual rate" was a very pleasant thing so long as we had reason to suppose that we were steering the right course, for the faster we went on said right course, the sooner we should arrive at our port of shelter; but after we had run for an hour or two beyond the time when we should have sighted our north-east point, we began to get anxious, and to fear that we might be running blindfold towards some rock, or upon some shelterless lee shore, which we might at any moment discover with unpleasant suddenness; in either of which cases it would have been a "close up and full" game, with the "old John" and all connected with her. The Captain, and Hosgood the sailing master, therefore put their heads together over the imperfect chart, and concluded to change our course so as to sight the land along which we were running, and which we *knew* to be to the westward of us, though *how far*, we could only conjecture.

The helm was therefore put to starboard; some of the lighter sails were taken in; the others were braced for the wind on the port beam, and everything kept in active readiness to change back to our old course as soon as the land should be discovered ahead. In this way we ran on *for* an hour *or more*, the first lieutenant having the trumpet on the quarter deck, the officer of the deck whom he had relieved being in charge of the *forecastle*, to help the look-outs keep their eyes open, and to superintend things in general, in case of the sudden change of course which was momentarily expected, and the crew being at their stations for "wearing ship."

Suddenly, old Bunsby, who stood near the officer in charge of the forecastle, looked very wise, and said he *heard* the breakers. This caused every one to listen intently, and open their eyes still wider, but they heard nothing. Presently the old fellow said he saw them, and as others now *heard* them, just as he said he saw them, the officer in charge took his word for it, and bellowed out to the quarter deck; "Port! hard a-port! Breakers ahead!" and on the ship fell rapidly off under the influence of both propeller and head sails, a long white line of boiling surf appeared along our port bow and beam, and caused us to congratulate ourselves upon the sharp senses of Bunsby.

The deep sea lead, which had been kept going as fast as it could be hauled in since our change of course, now gave fifteen fathoms as the depth of water! and as the beach was not more than four hundred yards off, as we got off to our course, we did not think it prudent to close in any more, but ran along with it at about that depth and distance, keeping a good look-out on each cathead, and a hand-lead going from each of the fore chains.

As we had closed with the land while standing in, the fog had seemed to lighten considerably, and we now ran along at our old speed, keeping the breakers just on sight, and straining our eyes through the fog ahead, to discover our long looked for north-east point. This was a most trying kind of navigation. There was no pleasure in it, evidently. For suppose that we should have been running before that wind and sea into a fathomless bay, where we could not have anchored; or suppose a reef had suddenly been found making out from the land *right across our path!*

Haul by the wind, and beat out of such a disagreeably tight place? I think I hear some seaman answer.

Yes, that would do very well, but unfortunately the old John could never be persuaded to acquit herself after that style, in my answer. She was like a crab; she always went *astern* or *sideways* in all sudden emergencies, confound her!

No! the only thing we could have done would have been to have furled everything, to have sent down all yards, and to have steamed her head to wind and sea, and as she had always lost ground under all previous similar circumstances, so would she have done then, and we should have been piled up helplessly upon the beach or rocks, as the case might have been. It is not hard to see, therefore, what it was that made us anxious, and that caused us to "listen more intently, and to open our eyes wider than ever," as we thus ran blindfold before such a wind and sea.

Suddenly, as we looked, the vague and undefined outlines of a dark, detached object arose before us, and then another, further in the fog, as the first became more distinct.

"Land ho!" sang out the lookout. "Two islands right ahead, sir!" shouted the officer in charge of the forecastle.

"Port!" said the ready voice of the first lieutenant* to the man at the wheel. "Brace up the head yards a quarter-master, let the captain know there's land reported ahead."

"Aye, aye! sir." And as the messenger disappeared down the cabin hatch, the old ship, as if conscious of her danger, swerved slowly from her course until she brought the newly discovered objects out upon her lee bow.

"Steady, there!" exclaimed the first lieutenant. "How do you head now?"

"North-north-east, sir!" replied the helmsman, as he "eased her" with the lee wheel, and fired an admirable shot at a distant spritsail.

"Very well. Keep her so."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

The after yards were now braced for the wind, on the starboard quarter, and we were soon running on our new course with but slightly diminished speed.

"That's the point we're looking for!" said Hosgood, "I know it by those islands. We're all right now."

"Breakers ahead! Breakers on the weather bow!" shouted the startled voices of both lookouts at this moment.

"Haul by the wind, Mr. ——," said the captain who now came on deck, "and take in the top gallant sails."

So we hauled by the wind, took in topgallant sails, and passed the word to fire up strong. The poor old "John" was apparently in another of her endless "tight places," and steam was the only thing we could ever hope to help her with.

We were now "by the wind," with the beach, along which we had been running, looming up upon our weather quarter and astern, with the three islands (another having come out of the fog, as we neared them,) on our lee quarter, and with what was an apparent reef of rocks over which the surf was breaking furiously, extending from the outer of the three islands, along our lee beam, and well forward on the lee bow, almost dead ahead in fact. The wind also had increased to a young gale; that is, we felt its force much more then, that we were no longer running away from it, and had we not got in the topgallant sails as soon as we did, the masts would certainly have gone over the side. Our head way, too, was entirely deadened, and in spite of the assisting propeller, it soon became apparent that we were drifting on to the reef.

"What do you think of it, Mr. Hosgood?" asked the captain. "Is it a reef, or only the immensely strong current breaking around the point? The sailing directions speak of three islands, but of no reef."

"It looks miserably natural, sir," replied Hosgood, as he continued regarding it through his opera glass. "But I don't see how it can well be anything, *if this is the north-east point, that's* the difficulty."

We were at that moment in a painful state of doubt and uncertainty, and would have gladly hesitated, had it been only to gain time to think, but as we were all the while drifting towards the reef, immediate action was what was wanted. Fortunately for our peace of mind, the fog lifted while we were yet talking, and enabled us to discern other objects that established pretty well the fact of its being *the* point, when we at once knew that the reef must be but a tide rip, and so determined to run through it.

"I'd trust to the sailing directions, for there being no reef off this point, and *run through* it," said Hosgood.

"So we will!" said the captain. "Hard up the helm, Mr. ——, and point her for it."

So the helm was put hard up, and in less than three minutes more we were entering the threatening streak, carrying no bottom at thirty fathoms all the while, and with the leaping waters breaking over our bulwarks in all directions, and in such quantities as to cause us to tremble for the safety of the Vincennes, *Jr.*, whom we knew would have to round that same point in a few days, and under, possibly, similar or worse circumstances. Another minute, and the supposed danger was behind us, when we again breathed freely, set the topgallant sails, royals, and all studding sails, and shaped our course for Hakodadi at the rate of ten and a half miles the hour. It was a strange thing for our old craft to be moving at that rate, and I am almost afraid to tell of it, but then it must be remembered that we were under all sail and steam, and that a rising gale of wind was following us in its squally strength.

"Well! I never need such cruizin as this," remarked Bunsby, as he turned over his tobacco, and looked back at the surf-like tide rip that crossed our track. "If the *Lord*, that looks out *for sparrows* and tailors, ain't got this old thing under his special wing, I don't know."

A general laugh followed this characteristic ebullition; Bunsby had long since become the acknowledged "ship's growler." We subsequently returned to this point, and made a perfect survey of it as well as of the entire straits. The tide-rip was still there, but we no longer feared it.

We were now but some forty miles from our port, the diagonal width of the straits of Tsugar, that was all, and could we but keep up our then speed for seven or eight hours, we should get in that night. So we held on to the straining canvas and kept up full steam; for there was a five or six knot current running against us, and though the gale continued to increase, and consequently to urge us ahead at a more headlong pace than ever, still it also created a very high and dangerous "chop sea," which broke continually over our bulwarks flooding our decks, and in one case filling a quarter boat so full as to create fears for her safety. We again thought of the poor little Vincennes, *Jr.*, of her brave and adventurous officers and crew, and wished them safely across a passage which was often threatening the safety of even a ship of our size.

That night we reached our destination in safety, but we had a hard run of it, and if we had had to pass the next twelve hours in darkness and at the mercy of that gale and six knot current, there is no telling where the *thirteenth hour would* have found us. As it was, we got a glimpse, and it was only a glimpse of a moment's duration, of the promontory of Hakodadi, just as the twilight was leaving us, and then we ran in after dark *by guess work*. It is not surprising therefore that we should have *run on shore*, which we actually did do, though it was fortunately well inside of the capacious bay where the water was smooth and the mud soft. That same night, however, we hauled off again, and the next morning steamed up to the regular anchorage off the town, where our store brig and an English surveying schooner were quietly stowed away among a fleet of the clumsy-looking Japanese junks.

As day by day now rolled on, bringing in, first the Vincennes, and then the Couper, we continued to tremble for the missing launch, and to think that the risk had been almost too great. I purpose devoting my next letter to a short account of her hazardous voyage. So much for the foregoing description of the "pleasures" that we found at sea while surveying around the world.

* Smith was no longer first lieutenant, reader; he had been "lowered a peg" since the adventure related in my last letter.

SUPERSTITION AT CONSTANTINA.—Whilst great foundations have taken place in France, Africa has been suffering from drought. At Constantina, the natives last week had recourse to what they consider an infallible means of obtaining rain—the ceremony of ducking, with religious forms, in the nearest river, the half-witted creatures called marabouts. Five or six of these men were conveyed in procession to the Rummel, and there plunged several times in succession into the water, the persons composing the procession at the same time singing and shouting. One of them, who was unwilling to be ducked, was thrown into the river by force, and when he came out he declared in a passion that no rain should fall for a year. The next day, however, to the great delight of the natives, clouds covered the sky, and, after awhile, abundant rain fell. Of course they ascribed this result to the ducking of the marabouts.—*Galignani.*

☞ The Rochester American tells a story of a lady in that city whose dress was stepped upon by a partner in the dance. The skirt was torn, and a workbasket thrust into the circle in a very unseemly manner. The lady coolly took hold of the article, drew it from her, walked to the door, and threw it out, and took her place in the circle in just in time to "forward and back." The lady would walk up to the cannon's mouth, or the altar, without fear or trembling.

PENNSYLVANIA IN A QUANDARY;

OR, A SURPLUS OF LOVERS.

FREMONT.—"Madame, believe me, I adore you."

BUCHANAN.—"Trust me, madame, no one understands the care of your estate better than myself. Your minee—"

FILLMORE.—"Dear, madame, if you will not accept me, allow me to recommend—" [here his voice sinks to an inaudible whisper]

PENNSYLVANIA.—"Verily, it is hard to choose between such devoted lovers. Come to me on Third Day, the 4th of the Eleventh Month, and ye shall have your answers."

WIFIE, COME HAME.

Wifie, come hame,
My couthie wee dame,
Oh but ye're far awa',
Wifie, come hame!
Come wi' the young bloom o' morn on thy broo,
Come wi' the lood star o' love in thine ee,
Come wi' the red cherries ripe on thy mou,
A' glint wi' hame, like the dew on the lea,
Come wi' the gowd tassel's hinge in thy hair,
Come wi' thy rose cheeks a' dimpled wi' glee,
Come wi' thy wee step, and wifie like air,
Oh, quickly come, and shed blessings on me!

Wifie, come hame,
My couthie wee dame!
Oh, my heart wearies sair,
Wifie, come hame!
Come wi' our love pledge, our dear little dawtie,
Clasping my neck round, an' clamberin my knee;
Come let me nestle and press the wee pettie,
Gazing on like sweet features o' thee;
Oh but the house is a cauld hame without ye,
Lonely and eerie the life that I dree;
Oh come awa', an' ill dance round about ye,
Ye'll ne'er again win free my arms till I dee.

THE MOON'S ROTATION AGAIN.

This question has been violently discussed for the past six months in the London Times and London Mechanics Magazine. It is the revival of an old controversy, caused by a letter of Mr. J. Symons, Inspector of Schools, in the Times of April 9th. Mr. Symonds took the position that as the moon always presents the same face to the earth, it cannot have a rotation on its axis, and that the prevailing opinion taught in astronomical works that it rotates on its axis once in 28 days exactly, to a second, is wrong. He has been supported in his controversy by Evan Hopkins, who, like himself, was educated at Cambridge, also David Musset, and lately a German mathematician, John Von Gumpach, has published a pamphlet supporting the same views, in which he asserts that Newton's proposition relative to the moon's rotation has been entirely misunderstood by his followers. Dr. Lardner has just come out in defence of the moon's rotation, and Dr. Wasewell read a paper on the same side before a late meeting of the British Scientific Association. These names will show the interest which the question has excited among men eminent in science.

After reading almost all that has been said on both sides, we must say that the controversy seems to be as near an end as when it began, and as satisfactory as if it were decided that both sides had gained the victory. Mathematics, instead of making some man correct thinkers, leads them to be speculative and vague reasoners.

If the moon does rotate on its axis in 28 days exactly—during the period of her revolution around the earth—a working model can be constructed to show these two motions, conjointly with the earth's motion; this is the test we have demanded of those who advocate this side of the question. There is no use of them spending so much ink and words in the controversy, let them demonstrate. This is the best advice we can give them, and until they comply with it we must hold them responsible for propagating opinions which they cannot support by actual demonstration.—*Scientific American.*

GOOD SENSE.—Good sense, or what is usually called common sense, is the basis of good taste. It teaches a man in the first place that more than two elbows are highly inconvenient in the world; and, in the second, that the fewer people you jostle on the road of life the greater your chance of success among men or women. It is not necessary that a common sense man need be an unimaginative one; but it is necessary that his imagination should be well regulated. Good taste springs from good sense, because the latter enables a man to understand at all times precisely where he is, and what he ought to do under the circumstances of his situation. Good taste is a just appreciation of the relationship and possible effects of ordinary, as well as extraordinary things; and no man can have it unless he is in the habit of considering his own position, and planning his own actions with coolness and accuracy.

☞ As a lady was walking a short time ago, a gentleman's button caught hold of the fringe of her shawl. Some moments elapsed before the parties were separated. "I am attached to you," said the gentleman, good humoredly, while he was industriously trying to get loose. "The attachment is mutual, sir," was the good humored reply.

☞ "My dear sir," said a candidate, accosting a sturdy wag, on the day of election, "I am glad to see you." "You needn't be—I have voted."

THE MURAT FAMILY.

The name of Prince Murat has been so frequently mentioned recently in connection with possible events in Naples, that a brief glance at the history of his family will be found highly interesting. It is alleged, in some quarters, that the Muratists constitute a considerable party in the Neapolitan dominions; while in others the existence of any such party is unreservedly denied. It is also alleged that Louis Napoleon clandestinely favors the pretensions of his cousin. But, whatever may be the value of all the statements put forth in the public journals, we have not learned that the Prince, who is surrounded by some distinguished enemies of the Bourbons of Naples, is truly indifferent to the progress of events in the Italian peninsula, although his claims to the Crown of the Two Sicilies, are certainly anything but legitimate.

The life of his late father, Joachim Murat, of Naples, is one of the most extraordinary in modern times, presenting a succession of those signal vicissitudes which occur only to the experience of few men, conspicuously illustrating the danger which ever attends an unscrupulous ambition as well as the instability of the grandeur and greatness which sometimes invest the path of the successful adventurer. The son of a publican of La Batisde, Joachim Murat in early life assisted in his father's business, which he was destined to follow, having evinced no desire for intellectual study, or for mechanical pursuits. As he grew older, he became so careless as to be utterly incapable of attending to the business, or even of grooming his father's horses. His dissipations did great injury to the establishment, and ultimately he parted with his father.

A roving disposition impelled him directly towards Paris, where he earned a livelihood for some time as a *valet du place*, and as a waiter to a *restaurateur*. The employment was irksome to one with a passion for romantic adventure, and, entering the army, he commenced a career in which he ultimately won a crown and the fame of being one of the greatest cavalry generals who ever lived. His fortunes were intimately associated with those of Napoleon from the opening of the campaign in Italy in 1796, until the battle of Leipsic, while the relationship was materially strengthened by a marriage with the sister of the Emperor. In command of the cavalry, he performed bold and glorious feats at Marengo; in pursuit of the Austrians from Ulm; at Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau, and Friedland. He accompanied Napoleon in the disastrous expedition to Moscow, conducting the retreat from Smorgini.

Joachim, like his master, did not enjoy a lengthened tenure of sovereign authority. He was proclaimed King of the Two Sicilies in 1808, on Napoleon "transferring" his brother Joseph to Madrid. Joachim was not endowed with many noble qualities, but by great display and apparent frankness of manners, he for some time enjoyed the good feeling of the people. He, however, subsequently betrayed the weakness of his character: while the fortunes of Napoleon were on the wane, Joachim, looking to the safety of his throne, volunteered to join the alliance against him; negotiations were opened with Austria and England, and conducted with treachery on all sides; and it is needless to say that they did not result to the advantage of the wavering monarch. The news of Waterloo reduced him to temporary despair; but in an evil moment, he resolved upon one more attempt to recover his kingdom. The fate of the ill-starred expedition from Corsica is memorable. A gale of wind scattered the vessels, containing only 200 men, and Murat found himself at Pizzo, with only thirty followers. He was captured, and shot on the 13th of October, 1815 exclaiming to his executioners, as he threw away the white handkerchief offered to bandage his eyes, "Avoid the face, aim at the heart."

AWKWARD "COMPANION OF THE BATH."—A letter-writer in Australia, speaks of a huge eel, which is sometimes met with in the lakes or large rivers in the interior of that wonderful country. His first introduction to them was somewhat original and piquante. He had been swimming near the shore in a beautiful and secluded bay, and feeling fatigued, seated himself on a log nearly as large as his body, which seemed to be resting on the pebbly bottom. Suddenly the log slipped from under him and moved gracefully away! It proved to be an eel fifteen feet in length, but fortunately not of the man-eating species.

☞ OUTWARD GAINS.—Outward gains are ordinarily attended with inward losses. He is indeed rich in grace, whose graces are not hindered by his riches.—*Amos Lawrence.*

THE LOVE THAT LASTS.

'Tis not a flower of instant growth;
But from an unsuspected germ,
That lay within the hearts of both,
Arose its everlasting form.

As daisy buds among the grass,
With the same green do silent grow,
Nor maids nor boys that laughing pass
Can tell if they be flowers or no—

Till on some genial morn in May,
Their timid, modest leaflets rise,
Disclosing beauties to the day
That strike the gazer with surprise—

So soft, so sweet, so mild, so holy,
So cheerful in obscured shade,
So unpretending, meek and lowly,
And yet the pride of each green glade—

So love doth spring, so love doth grow,
If it be such as never dies,
The bud just opens here below,
The flower blooms in Paradise. *Cheever.*

A MISER.—The following is from the Sentinelle du Jura:—"An extraordinary instance of avarice has recently occurred in the hamlet of Voiteur. An old man of eighty, worth 80,000 francs, a short time ago lost his sister, who had lived with him for several years; but he could not reconcile himself to the idea of paying the expense of a coffin for her, and so he took four rotten old planks to a neighbor, and got him to nail them together. He then went to order the bell to be tolled and the grave to be dug; but after he had done so, he fell in with an idiot belonging to the village, who offered to do both jobs for 2 francs, which was somewhat less than the usurer had agreed to pay, and he hurried back to the bell-ringer and grave-digger to say that he should not need their services. Then, to avoid the expense of paying the commissionaire, he carried the crucifix to his house himself. On the day of the funeral he hired four women to act as bearers, because they were cheaper than men; but in trying to remove the coffin to the hearse, they found it too heavy for them, and let it fall. The shock caused the rotten planks to give way, and the body, which was wrapped in a dirty old sheet, rolled out. It was refastened in the coffin as well as could be, and was taken to the cemetery. There it was found that the grave dug by the idiot was so small that the coffin could not enter, and accordingly, after the usual prayers had been read by the priest, it was left on the ground, orders being given to the idiot to dig the grave larger. Two gendarmes, hearing of all this, arrived after a while at the cemetery, and found that the idiot had thrust the coffin into the grave upright, and had covered the head of it with only a few inches of earth. They caused it to be removed, and the grave enlarged, and reinterred it. The old usurer, in order not to lose a few hours time, did not attend the funeral. A complaint was preferred against him for having caused the funeral to be done in such a scandalous way, and he was fined 3 francs by the Police Tribunal of the district; he was also made to pay the cost of enlarging the grave."

CORONATION OF ALEXANDER II.—An English contemporary make the following reflections on this great exhibition, lately at Moscow:—"The peculiarities of the crowning of 1856 lie in surrounding facts. The coronation was deferred longer than usual, because Russia was at war with Europe. It is more than a year and a half since Alexander ascended the throne. The coronation is a celebration of peace. Over the coronation of Alexander the First hung the dark cloud of a conspiracy that had resulted in the murder of his father. Over the coronation of Nicholas hung the cloud of a conspiracy suppressed, but suppressed in blood. Over the coronation of Alexander the Second hangs the gloom of frustrated purpose and military defeat. He is the first of the Romanoffs who inaugurates his reign under the shadow of a treaty limiting the traditional and aggressive designs of his house. He is the first of the Romanoffs who, at his crowning, grants great concessions to his subjects. He is the first of the Romanoffs whose coronation has been witnessed and described by that modern invention, that new power, the "special correspondent" of the European press—the first crowned in the actual presence of the Times. The great facts that surround his coronation are suggestive of the future. He was fresh from a stunning defeat in arms; he was carried to his ancient capital in a railway; the chroniclers of the ceremony are the representatives of the free press of Europe; he closes the ceremony with a proclamation of retrenchment marking the exhaustion his empire suffered in the war, and making concessions to his subjects that promise well for the future."

"SWEET DAY."

BY BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

Not such Sabbaths as we have now, with no Saturday night for a threshold, was the poet thinking of; not a day with a railroad running through the middle of it, and an engine shrieking up and down, from morning bell to vespers.

Neither was it the gray, grim day the Puritans made of it, who, and with some small show of truth, the Westminster Review declares, invented the sin of Sabbath-breaking, but just a dear, old-fashioned Sunday.

Such an one—it was longer ago than yesterday—shines like a star just ready to set, out of the far Past, of which it seems to us we are writing out of the fullness of our own heart, in our own words and not another's,

> Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky.

And now, as we think, the fear possesses us that such days have fallen out of the calendar; that the gold devil has got into this Eden of Time, and fig leaves and apron makers obtained full away in Paradise.

Very beautiful used to be the approaches to that Sunday in those old days. The tide of passion and the glow of ambition, went down with Saturday's sun, and life's fever was followed by a sleep. The blacksmith's bellows grew breathless, and his hammer lay silent on the anvil; the fitful tinkling of a bell denoted the last wanderer of the flock safe in the fold; the mill's "big wheel" stood still, and the upper and lower sections of its battened door were closed; the "ironing" of the old fashioned mother was aired and folded, and laid away; the last loaf was withdrawn from the glowing cavern of the old brick oven; the boys had come back from the creek, their brown feet twinkling whiter in the grass, and their damp hair a shade darker than it went; a light glimmers dimly through the great windows of the church; young men and maidens go by in pairs, and pretty soon, through the shadowy air, there floats the blended voices that we used to love, in Windham, Mear, and Silver street. "Dundee's wild, warbling measures rise," and sweet old Corinth falls upon the ear; the moon surmounts the woods, and rides a moment like a ship upon the leafy waves of June, then bears away for "the blue water" of God's Ocean, and over all that scene and night it rules.

The dew grows radiant and restless in the grass beneath it, as if earth were our mother, and she really breathed; in the mists of gray, that with the willows fringe the stream of silver; and the memory of that hour is gold.

Morning comes, and with it the robin's song—they did not eat the robins then; a little flock of white clouds grazes silently in the eastern field of Heaven, and the hills at the west of us are red with Day's new sacrifice, the first lamb from its fold of ours. East across the river—perhaps it will do no harm to name it—across the Black River—stand in majesty, rank after rank, the eternal woods, and among their coronals, and wreathed with leaves, there always lie in such June mornings, three silver clouds, three breaths of beauty, from three forest lakes beneath. They always seemed to us three syllables of thanksgiving the Sun discovered on their nightly way to God.

The Lombardy poplars, in long array, that seem forever going over Clinton's hill, wear crowns of flame; and there, with sentry Lombards round about, amid a wilderness of woods, hard by the river, in the Valley's heart, lies the sweet village, the sweeter Day did find. That was a haunt for Sunday, and might have been its homestead.

There under the risen sun, the village lay in Sabbath slumber. The blinds of the two windows of the store, the eyes of commerce, unspeculative, were fast closed; the village school and village mill had grown murmurless together; not a wheel rattled down the street; not a shout or a boisterous song floated up the valley; it was six o'clock, and a Sunday morning.

And so it wore away till the hour of worship, then over the village, over the clearings, over the woods, the music of the bell floated all abroad, and from the hills there came an answer back, and voices of bells from among the trees. And then from the country round they came, on horseback, by twos—there were *pillions* then—on foot in groups, in wagons by families, and now and then a chaise, and went up—for it was set upon a hill—to the House of the Lord in company. Guiltless of adornings, there it stood, grown gray in time and storm, its spire like a solemn finger, pointing ever unto heaven, its pulpit, like a swallow's nest, fast to the wall, midway 'twixt earth and sky; its seats naked as Truth, for the luxuries of religion were not kept at the one store; its uncarpeted aisles, its ungilded hymn-books, its ungilded *congregation*. Unfashionable they may have been, but they are gone, the most of them, we cannot doubt, where the styles do not change with the moon, and robes of white, and crowns and harps of gold are the fashion forever.

How, midsummer though it was, the heads of that congregation were sprinkled with snow. As the Minister—the gifts of gray hair and of wisdom were his—strange that he should die; we did think he could. How simple was his doctrine, how clear his reasoning, how earnest his exhortation, how homely his phrase, but how beautiful his spirit. He might have stood on Mars' Hill; he might have taken the place and the pillow of "the beloved disciple;" but "the prayers of David, the son of Jesse are ended," and we shall hear his voice no more.

And the hymns they used to sing then, and the singers that sang them united to the music and the choir of Heaven! The blacksmith that sang bass has exchanged iron for gold, and the girl that sang air has put off the blue dress she wore then for a garment of glory.

The morning services done, then came the "meeting," and in groups, in the church, and out of doors under the trees, and at the neighbors' hard by, and in the place of graves, they passed the hour, there was the fragrance of caraway, of new mown hay and roses.

The sermon done, as did the disciples of old, they sang a hymn, and went out." Kind words, said by the way, and hands were shaken again, and the inquisition of the farm satisfied: "the corn was promising; the sheep sheared, the baby was well;" one "old man," he said, "for his turn over Jordan" soon, would "plough the new clearing" for the Minister—he had a greeting for all, were homespun, but his spirit wore the wardrobe of Heaven.

The yellow sunbeams fell athwart the landscape.—The church was silent; a mother lingered in the grave-yard, to look for the hundredth time where little WILLIE was buried, and a girl plucked a lock from the grave of a friend, who, "in her youthful beauty died;" the birds sang in the maples; the stream ran on with a laugh among the rocks, and a shout as it plunged into "the gulf," and merry waltzed in the shadows below; "a pleasure" sloop or two went drifting by; Love was building castles in the lilacs; Hope was building castles in the air; the children were abroad in the fields with flowers and the sunshine; the flutter of white garments is seen in the edge of the woods, and the bees are busy with bud and wild blossom.

It was six o'clock, and a Sunday evening; the times have changed since then, we suspect, and Sabbath-breaking has been invented, there, and the old fashioned Sunday gone abroad on the train. The meeting house has yielded to "Church;" a choir bid be rid co'ains on the praise; people sit during prayer and rise when the music begins. The grave-yard is a "cemetery," the Minister a "divine," and the solemn [illegible] the congregation has melted at last; [illegible] cushions of velvet, and Poverty bows the door. Gone from city and village

> "Sweet day, so pure, so calm,
> The bridal of the earth and sky."

—*Chicago Evening*

AN AUTUMN SHADOW.

Bright golden September, fragrant and beauteous,
Who and corn in harvested, early and plenteous!
Skies, heavy with fruitage, the orchard boughs bending down,
Yield to the gleaner's hand Labor's fair autumn crown!

In the far western sky,
Opal and ruby vie;
Amethyst, topaz chase,
Melting to pale sea-green,
Come out and fade again into the gray
As shoals o'er the uplands the work-weary day.
Songs of the harvest home swell through the twilight air,
Young men and maidens come trooping, all brave and fair.
Rich as the season is, merry as May,
Laughing and loving and jesting and gay!
Ruby the noisy bells
Through the deep mossy dells,
With a wild thankful chime
All that sweet summer time!

Now 'tis the harvest month, fruitful and bountiful,
That giveth its golden store, early and plenteous,
Skies, heavy with fruitage, the orchard boughs bending down,
Yield to the gleaner's hand Labor's fair autumn crown!

Faithful Margaret watches the vespers
Wending along by the banks of the lane,
One face in all her years, one figure wearing
One robe she hears not swelling the strain.
She by her window under the gable,
Stands with the curtain held back in her hand
Who few who remember look up and are silent,
—The bravest and fairest are lost to their band.

He has his grave midst the graves of brave soldiers,
Green on the slope of the hill where he fell;
Unmarked midst the thickly sown seed of the battle,
But in one faithful heart sculptured full well.

She is alone—mowed and yet wild road,
Entered her youth to the love of her youth,
Waning away in a pale mournful silence,
Vowed to her hero-love, love of her youth!

September shall come again, rainy Septembers,
Dreadful Junes, and chill icy Decembers,
Snow on her hair, and deep lines on her brow,
Ere she shall think of him other than now!
Could see the autumn skies,
Yet to her tear-glazed eyes,
Were they a tint of mournfullest gray:
Cold is the autumn wood,
Barried as red as blood,
Yet clouded all o'er like a thunderous day.
Now is her sorrow yet,
Bitter her tears are yet,
Leave her alone with her weeping awhile;
Peace will come home to her—
Purified home to her,
Let her heart hide with its trouble awhile.

EXTRAORDINARY DELUSION.

We copy the following story from the *London Court Journal*:

"The utmost interest has been experienced in the fashionable circles all over the Continent by the publication of the *brochure* of the Princess de S——, which, printed at first in small numbers and for private circulation only, has gradually spread itself throughout the aristocratic and religious *coteries* of Europe. It is now exactly a year since the young Princess Eleanore de S——, in the prime of her youth and beauty, a young wife adored by her husband and much beloved by her family, died suddenly at the Hotel de S——, in Paris, and was buried with great pomp at Pere La Chaise, where a splendid monument, by Lechace, recording her age, her lineage and virtues, has just been put up by her disconsolate husband. In spite of the high position held by the Princess, and from her great wealth and beauty having become the observed of all observers, there has always existed an extraordinary feeling of *mystery* in the public mind with regard to the circumstances of her death. The sudden determination, taken immediately after the event, by her mother in-law, of retiring to a convent, greatly increased the doubt and wonder spread around the whole affair; and now this pamphlet (issued to the world with the sanction of one of the greatest names of any country, from one on the eve of taking the black veil, and who expresses the same awe of this position as that of her death-bed, and appeals therefrom for belief in the strange statements made in the work) comes to fill us with a deeper amazement than we can well bear. The pamphlet is printed in German, the native language of the writer, who, as mother-in law of the heroine of the wondrous story it contains, declares it to be in fulfilment of the vow made to her son's wife that it is now made public. The whole life of the young Princess is here set forth. A child of immense imagination and power, left at an early age an orphan with the consciousness of beauty and the command of boundless wealth, finding herself suddenly transported to her guardian's old castle in the Hartz, was not likely to enjoy either content or happiness; and here her temper and disposition grew so wild and untractable that, after repeated efforts at home education, it was deemed advisable to send her to be trained into rule and discipline by seclusion in a convent. Just then her guardian being appointed ambassador to Paris from the Court of ——, it was thought the best opportunity for placing the child beneath the surveillance of the sister of the Sacre Coeur, in the Rue de Varennes, where she could be better trained to habits of obedience than elsewhere. But, alas! this first experiment proved totally abortive. Three unsuccessful efforts at escape were followed by a decided attempt at fire to the furniture of her room where she was confined; and the governess, fearful of the effect of such example on other pupils, and weary of the task of taming this wild, vehement spirit, reluctantly requested the young lady to the care of her guardian. The position of the latter had now become most difficult. To have her in the house was impossible, as Prince Leon de S——, his only son, a youth scarcely older than the refractory Eleanore, lived with him, and to throw the pair together at such early age would have been considered by ecclesiastical decorum quite out of the question. So a *conseil de famille* was held, and it was resolved to send the culprit, now no longer a mere child, but a high-spirited girl of fifteen, to England, to her education, with the hope that the confining thus alone in a foreign country, deprived of all sympathy and behavior to ensure the kindness about her, might have the desired effect. The young lady was accordingly placed at Hammersmith, and for a time the hopedfor result seemed to have taken place in her temper and disposition; it appears that the burste of passion she gave way, and the fits of succeeded, became so alarming serious fears for her health. Letter after letter was despatched to her guardian from the young lady herself, beseeching to be taken into favor, declaring that the climate of England was weighing her to the earth, and the discipline of Hammersmith breaking her heart. For some time the guardian, acting with the prudence he judged necessary, suffered those complaints and supplications to go on; but at length, moved by one of the letters more heart-rending than the others, he allowed his anger to be melted, and determined on fetching his ward from the place, where she declared in the strong language she was wont to use, was damaging both soul and body, and hurrying them to everlasting perdition.' The Prince de —— arrived at Hammersmith one Sunday morning. He had returned no answer to the last letter received by his ward, and she was, therefore, aware of his attention of arriving. The lady dressed to be the bearer of the news reported she found her on her knees alone in her own room, praying, with a most fearful expression of countenance, and on being informed of her guardian's arrival, she had uttered a most unearthly shriek and dashed down stairs like one possessed. The Prince was much pleased with her progress in English, and brought her back to Paris as a specimen of the good training of Hammersmith. There was, indeed, no sign of the old indomitable spirit left within her. She was silent and subdued, submissive to all, and only urgent in her supplications never to be left alone or in the dark. She to whom religion had hitherto been a subject of derision, changed suddenly to practices of the most exaggerated piety, but always persisted in maintaining that it was useless to lay any plans for her welfare, for that she should die before she was twenty-one! 'All a mother could do,' says the Princess, in the extraordinary *brochure* which discloses the story, 'was done by me to eradicate this idea from the mind of our beloved Eleanore, but the answers she always made were so full of terrible meaning that they filled my soul with such deep alarm that I dared not to dwell upon the subject. Even when she became the bride of my son Leon, she would insist upon every arrangement being made with a view to this early death, which seemed to prey on her mind for ever. It was not till the young couple had been married for some time that, by dint of maternal care and solicitude, I managed to wring from her the confidence of her direful anticipations and judge of my dismay when she coolly told me that she had sold herself to the Evil One, and that she would be claimed before she had reached the age of twenty-one! She confessed that her despair had been so great at being exiled, that, wearied with incessant prayers to heaven and the saints for deliverance without effect, she had at length addressed her vows to the powers of darkness on the very Sunday morning when her guardian had arrived, and the announcement of his presence was evidently the token of the acceptance of that fearful vow.' It seems that, in spite of every care and counsel—despite of the constant watching and wise teaching of the Abbe Dupanloux, nothing could turn aside this idea from the mind of the Princess Eleanore, and, although every extreme of dissipation and excitement was tried to divert her thoughts, she gave way to a settled melancholy, and died just two days before the completion of her 21st year, suddenly, and in her chair, full dressed for a ball at the *Ministere de Etat*. The idea had evidently done its work in silence, and none can tell the agony which must have been endured during the last few months of that sad existence, in the midst of splendor and riches, yet nursing the canker-worm within, from which neither the lofty position in which she stood nor the homage she received, could divert her for one instant. The pamphlet has caused the deepest impression on the minds of all who have perused it, and the retirement from the world of the Dowager Princess de S——, for the avowed purpose of praying for the soul of the Princess Eleanore, has added to the terrible effect of the tale, which seems more like a dark legend of the middle ages than an incident of yesterday; but is, nevertheless, perfectly true for all that."

A GLOUCESTERSHIRE LABORER'S NOTION OF HEAVEN.—A farm laborer, who resides and works in this county, and was engaged hauling corn from the harvest field to the garner until a late hour at night, not unnaturally neglected to return at the very early hour assigned by his master to resume his labors. His master, although he has a slight tincture of the tyrant in his constitution, yet is, on the whole, a hearty good fellow. When the laborer arrived on the field, the following ensued:—"Where hast thee been to, thou lazy vagabond? Be quick and let me know, or there's the bag for thee." "Why, measter, I've but just waked me; I have been in a deep trance (trance) all night, and have had a most tremendous drame." The man's countenance was irradiated with such a lustrous and arch smile, that the farmer insisted upon his relating his dream, which he proceeded to do with apparent reluctance. "Why, measter," said he, "if thee must know, I was so tired I fell asleep as soon as I got home to bed. I no sooner closed my weary eyes than I thought I was in heaven. A beautiful place it was too, full of rare orchards and green fields, and the birds did sing so sweetly in the trees and bushes! I thought I walked into a beautiful orchard, and there I seed crowds of old and young folks, all dressed so clean and tidy in their gray cloaks, clean shoes, and white smockfrocks, as if they had been going to hear the old Vicar preach when he gives away the coal tickets and the charity bread at Christmas. Old Betty Pringle was there, and her daughter Nancy, and old Betty had left off her crutches and could skip about the meadow like a four-year old. I felt rather hungry, and I found lumps of splendid fat bacon ready boiled, and loaves of the best white bread, dangling like apples from the branches of the trees. I felt me athirst and I went down to the brook, but as I drank I found 'twan't water, but the strongest and best perry, as was a dashing over the sandy bottom. All the poor creatures had their poor bellies full, and they all sang and jumped about as if they were at wake on Whit Monday. They all were so happy and frisky. I asked old Betty where the farmers was, and her told I they was in tother place. I went down to one corner of the meadow, and I saw a deep cave, where a cloud of smoke and flame rushed out. I attempted to run away, I was so terribly frightened, when a smutty fellow shoved I right down into the dark hole. When I came down to the bottom, and began to rub my bruises, I though I should have been fried, it was so terrible hot. A ugly black fellow, with a pitch'ork and a long tail, took I along a narrow passage, and the awful sight I seed there I never shall forget. It was full of burning wood piles and flames, and the fat squires and farmers for generations past was bein' a roast'd like live heels in a frying pan. Lor, how the poor creatures did scream, squeal, and squeak, as the fat did frizzle out on 'em! 'Twas quite awful to hear 'em, and so overcome I, as I sat down in a chair as was mortal hot and wiped the sweat from my brow, when the devil came to a terrible rage, and said, 'get thee out of that chair! thick un's for my measter.' He so roasted and banged I, as I awoke and found as I had overslept myself." At this termination of the rustic's narration, the whole harvest-field was in a titter, and the farmer himself could not refrain from participating in that boisterous laughter which the ready invention of the witty clown had engendered. Instead of giving the fellow "the sack," as threatened, he gave him an extra quart of drink and an additional piece of bacon.—*Gloucestershire (Eng.) Paper.*

GERMAN EXPERIENCES.—A friend has translated the following from the *Frauendorfer Blatter*.

The unpleasant odor diffused through the water in vases in which cut flowers are kept, it is said, may be prevented by placing a small strip of sheet iron in the vase.

In Italy, grapes are kept "fresh and fine" during the year, by placing the clusters, after removing all the imperfect, immature, speckled, or decaying berries, in a box with alternate layers of green peach leaves. The box is to be covered and set in a dry, cool room, free from frost.

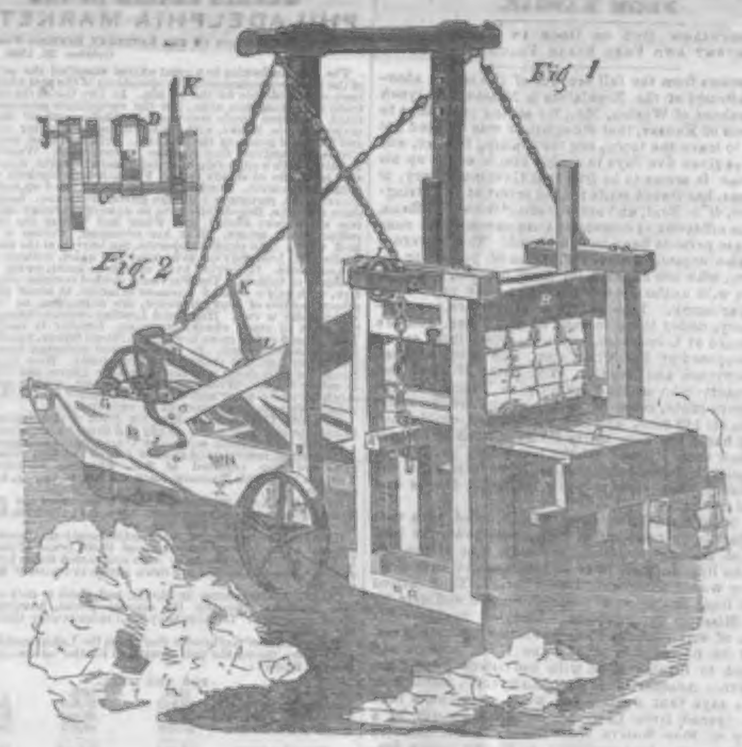
In Germany, plums, prunes, and gages are preserved in a fresh state, in the same manner, only substituting pear leaves for those of the peach.

Rats are said to have such an antipathy to the odor of the herb houndstongue (*Cynoglossum officinale*), that they will forsake a building within twenty-four hours after the leaves and stems of this plant have been strewed therein. It should be gathered when in flower, and the more freshly it is used, the more certain are its effects alleged to be.—*Horticulturist.*

A CHILDISH FANCY.—When Hartley Coleridge, then a child in arms, was taken to London, he cried,

"O mother, now I know what the stars are—they are lamps that have been used on earth, and have been taken up to heaven."

☞ A DEFINITION.—A rich officer of revenue one day asked a wit what kind of a thing opulence was. "It's a thing," replied the philosopher, "which can give a rascal the advantage over an honest man."



COMBINATION COTTON AND HAY PRESS.

Our engraving shows an ingenious cotton and hay press, which is so arranged that the mechanism by which the pressure is obtained may be separated at pleasure, from the press, and used for other purposes, such as moving buildings, raising burdens, extracting stumps, etc.

The press itself is of the usual simple construction, A, being the follower, and B the top board, C the hinged side board. The material to be pressed is placed between A and B. The ends of the follower, A, are raised, and the intervening substance compressed. D, is a strong lever, one end of which is pivoted, and the other end is connected by strap, F, with a shaft, G, whose office is to wind up strap F, and pull down the end of lever D. (See fig. 2.) It is by the pulling down of lever D that the follower, A, is raised, for it will be observed that chains extend from the end of D to the top of strut frame H, and thence over friction wheels, I, to the ends of followers A. The lower ends of strut H rest on shaft E. The necessary power for pulling down the end of D is obtained by a train of gear wheels connected with shaft G, in the usual manner, power being first applied at crank J, when the resistance is small and a quick motion admissible. But during the last stages of the operation, when an augmented pressure is wanted, power is applied to lever K, which, by means of its pawl, L, acts on a ratchet wheel on one of the gears. Suitable pawls hold the purchase as fast as obtained. After a bale has been compressed, it may be removed, and the follower, A, lowered, by reversing the crank, with great rapidity.

All the parts of this press are strong and simple. It possesses the advantages of quickness of operation, unlimited power, cheapness, and portability. The fact that the power mechanism can be detached from the press and applied to other purposes, as above indicated, will render the machine doubly valuable. This improvement is the invention of Mr. S. W. Huggles. Patent applied for. Address Mr. G. D. Harris, assignee of the invention, Fitchburg, Mass., for further information.

A NORWEGIAN WEDDING.

Formoen, the house in which we are, lies not more than three hundred yards from the Bardu Fall. Last year, when we arrived here, the people were in a state of much excitement, a rare thing with these quiet Norwegians, except on the occasion of a wedding, and this was one. It was just as if a stone had been thrown into a standing pool. The younger son, Ole, had found for himself a help-mate, and the bridal party went down the river in great state to the parish church, which is only twelve miles off. Their conveyance was a ten-oared boat, which accommodated forty people. From the solitary farm-houses, that here and there dot the banks of the midst of the forest, rifle-shots were fired as the procession passed to and fro. On their return to Formoen, the chief actors in the scene drank from a vast bowl of milk, which was brought to them outside the threshold. Coffee was then served. After supper, the guests were stowed away in various sleeping places. This was not so easy, as there were not less than one hundred in number. For ourselves, we took up our abode at a distant farmhouse. Next day, at 6 P. M., we went to greet the bride, and were amused at the scene that presented itself. The guests, it should be observed, had been eating and drinking all day with little intermission. But this, as we were told, was the "culminations punct," or culminating point of the festivities, when the coping stone, so to say, was placed on the entertainment, and the mistress of the house surpassed herself in catering for the guests. In the largest "stue" (room) of the house, the floor of which was strewed with fresh juniper sprigs, were ranged, parallel with each other, three long tables; two of which were beset by peasant women of all ages, dressed in the very best home spun of various colors; while the third was entirely occupied by male visitors. On all public occasions, the sexes are kept well apart in this country—this according best with their simple notions of propriety. Outside the doors was a crowd of persons, ready to relieve guard at the first vacancy. We were immediately marshed to the seat of honor, at the top of one of the tables, and placed next the priest. Once seated, I had an opportunity of looking around me. Conversation, if it had been going on, was no longer brok; the feast of reason and the flow of soul knew no place here. As far as merriment was concerned, it might rather have been a funeral feast than a bridal. The only sounds that struck my ear, were the clattering of plates and clattering of jaws. And such viands! At the top of each table was a capacious wooden vessel of bridal porridge—*i. e.* rye and barley stir-about floating in hot butter. Next to this came a bowl of milk; next a similar vessel full of salted salmon of last year's catching; below these were a pile of flad-bred, nearly a yard in diameter; and then a castle of butter placed on a wooden stand, an edifice of about two feet in height. Such was the fare repeated in exactly the same order up and down the tables; there being about four editions of these dainties at each board. Although the very sight of the delicacies almost turned my stomach, I must fain dip a wooden spoon into the bridal porridge, and swallow a lump of it, and then into the milk, and do likewise; after the most approved Norwegian fashion. Our arrival gradually introduced a little life into the scene. Or, perhaps, it was that the important business of eating had been settled satisfactorily. At first, whispers began to be exchanged among the women; while some of the young girls, whose chief attractions were clear healthy skins, and white teeth, stole sidelong peeps towards the place where we sat enthroned side by side with his reverence. On a stool, in the middle of the room, sat the bride; a pleasing damsel with light blue eyes, and flaxen hair; the bridegroom, a stalwart fellow standing beside her. She wore no crown, or bridal belt, or tippet decked with silver and gold ornaments, such as are customary in the south and west of Norway.—*The Ormsian in Norway.*

PARISIAN INCIDENT.—A queer incident happened a day or two ago, in the Rue de la Canoene d'Antin. Monsieur B——, hearing himself addressed from a window in these words—"Come up to the second story!" instantly obeyed, and running to the place indicated, found a young and pretty woman, to whom he immediately commenced paying compliments in the most friendly style. The lady looked astonished at Monsieur B——'s (to her) extraordinary behavior, and as he soon grew more bold, called for help. The lady's husband presently appeared upon the scene, to whom Monsieur B—— explained that the lady called him. The husband, a jealous man, with red hair, looked suspiciously at his wife, the wife flew into a rage, and the stranger wished himself well out of the scrape. Just as actual war was about to break out, the disputants heard the cry—"Come up to the second story!" from the beak of a parrot, belonging to the occupants of the next room. So there the affair ended.

PRESENTIMENT.

I drew it to its full soft length,
The curl of glossy brown—
I said—"There is no flower on earth
Worn unto a royal crown.

"Yet give me this one little lock:
The time will come," I said,
"You cannot give the smallest tress
Without the silver thread."

She smiled, but gently shook her head,
And said, "Nay, let it stay;
There is no fear that locks of mine
Will ever turn to gray."

How keen a pang one thought will bring
Into our lightest mood;
I'd give the world had she not spoke,
Or I not understood.—*Baltimore American.*

PLACING OF LARGE STONES BY THE ANCIENTS.—It is usually a matter of wonder to modern observers that the ancients, destitute as they were of complicated machinery, should have been able to transport, raise, and place large stones, whether standing alone or as part of such buildings as the pyramids. The late discoveries at Nineveh fully expound to us the means of transporting large blocks—it was by placing rollers beneath. As to the means of raising, all we learn from Herodotus is, that it was effected by *short pieces of wood*. How so? The following suggestion in reply was made a few years ago by a gentleman named Perigal, before the British Association.—Suppose a block has to be raised up along the pyramid, in order to be placed in one of the courses of the masonry. It is brought by rollers to the base of the building. There all the rollers are removed except one near the centre. One end of the stone being now depressed to the ground, a pile of slips of wood is placed under it, close to the centre, this pile being rather higher than the roller, and terminating in one narrow piece at top. The stone is now tilted so as to bring the other end to the ground. It is now possible to put a similar pile of pieces of wood underneath, close beside the first. On that pile, the block is tilted back to its former position, and so on till it is raised a little above the level of the next course of masonry. By rollers it is moved on to that platform, with a low pile of blocks once more near the centre underneath. Then the process of tilting and raising is again gone through; and so on till it has been raised up to the level where it is to take its place in the masonry. By this simple process, too, says M. Perigal, a few men might have raised Stonehenge in a single night, if the requisite stones were prepared and placed in readiness near the spot.—*British Association Report*, 1844.

INDIAN SUMMER OF LIFE.—In the life of the good man there is an Indian summer more beautiful than that of the seasons—richer, sunnier, and more sublime than the most glorious Indian summer the world ever knew—it is the Indian summer of the soul. When the glow of youth has departed, when the warmth of middle age is gone, and the buds and blossoms of spring are changing to the sere and yellow leaf, then the mind of the good man, still ripe and vigorous, relaxes its labors, and the memories of a well-spent life gush forth from their secret fountains enlivening, rejoicing and fertilizing; then the trustful resignation of the Christian sheds around a sweet and holy warmth, and the soul, assuming a heavenly lustre, is no longer restricted to the narrow confines of business, but soars far beyond the winter of hoary age, and dwells peacefully and happily upon that bright spring and summer which await him within the gates of Paradise evermore. Let us strive for and look trustingly forward to an Indian summer like this.

DEAD MEN'S TEETH.—Dead Englishmen's teeth, collected on the battle fields in the Crimea, are now in great demand by the London and Paris dentists! The price current of human ivory has greatly fluctuated recently, owing to the quantities of deceased soldiers' masticators put into the market. It is stated the idea first entered the heads of some Londoners to send voyaging clerks to the seat of war in search of teeth. The harvest was a good one apparently, and promises to yield a remarkable price, as connoisseurs vaunt the superiority of Englishmen's and Highlander's teeth over all others—the Coldstream chaps particularly, had famously grinding jaws, and it may be a comfort to their departed spirits to see at least one portion of their mortal selves take the journey back to London.

☞ The Rev. E. H. Chapin, in a recent discourse from his own pulpit declared that he honored first of all the man who came out boldly for the right, and next to him the man who came out openly and bravely for the wrong; while he despised as the meanest of men he who would not commit himself to either, but was forever trying to dodge between the two.

TALLEYRAND AND MADAME DE STAEL.

Talleyrand's ingratitude toward Madame de Stael, may appear inexcusable—it certainly was not in any way creditable. But in extenuation, it may well be borne in mind, that she possessed an excess of that susceptibility, which made her overvalue her success, and never cease bringing her services to the memory of the person obliged. He had never the same high opinion of her which the world professed. He thought her style pedantic and affected, and would complain, when any of her compositions were read to him, of their total want of nature and of true coloring. He was accustomed to say, that those who read the writings might fairly boast of knowing the writer, for that nothing could more resemble Madame de Stael herself than the false, exaggerated sentiments and superficial erudition of her compositions. Of her mother, Madame Necker, he once remarked "She has every virtue, and but one fault, and that is, she is insupportable!" The good lady never forgave his comparing her "to a frigate riding at anchor, and receiving a salute from a friendly power," when she stood upon her own hearth-rug at the Hotel Necker, upon the occasion of her weekly receptions; her ample proportions obscuring the light of the fire, as with plucked-up features and prudish smile, she listened to the compliments of the academicians, whom she assembled but for the delight of her own vanity.

He related to his friends an amusing adventure of Madame de Stael herself, in which he was a party. It occurred upon her first entrance into Parisian Society, before the Revolution, at a rural fete, given by Madame Helvetius, in the garden of her chateau. His account is thus repeated by one of these friends:—

"On her first appearance at the reunion, Madame Helvetius had, of course, with well-bred courtesy, paid her most particular attention, but having other guests to welcome, had left her after a while to superintend the distribution of the amusements about the grounds. Once or twice she had passed Madame de Stael sitting gloomily on the bench where she had left her, and at last sent Talleyrand to keep her company; but Talleyrand had tact enough to know that, being himself no literary lion, he was no company for Madame de Stael, and so immediately went in quest of society more congenial to her taste. He soon returned, in company with the Abbe Monti, whose poems were at that time the rage all over Europe, and whose coming put the fair authoress in the best of humors. Talleyrand sat down on the bench beside them, in silence, feeling himself quite extinguished by so much talent, and remained a passive listener, anxious for improvement. The conversation was overwhelming with erudition, and then the compliments were poured forth like rain from an April sky—the abbe 'had never reckoned upon so great an honor as that of meeting the first writer of the age;' Madame 'little dreamed when she arose that morning, that the day would be marked by so auspicious an event as the meeting with the abbe.'

"'I have devoured every word that has escaped from Sappho's pen,' said the abbe.

"'I cannot sleep until I read the charming odes from the Italian Tyrtaus,' said the lady.

"'Have you seen my last endeavor?' said the abbe.

"'Alas! not yet,' sighed the lady, 'although report speaks of it more highly than of any which have preceded it.'

"'I have it here!' exclaimed the abbe, eagerly drawing a small volume from his pocket. 'Allow me to present it to you, madame; a poor homage, indeed, to so much genius, but it may prove interesting to one who has had so much success in heroic poetry.'

"'Thanks, thanks,' cried Madame de Stael, seizing the little volume with every demonstration of overpowering gratitude. 'This is indeed a treasure, and will be prized by me far beyond gold or jewels.'

"She turned over the leaves slowly, while the delighted abbe watched her with a charming self-complacency—then suddenly dropping it into her lap, she exclaimed, turning on the abbe a languid glance, 'You were talking of heroic poetry, dear abbe; have you seen my last attempt—a dramatic scene, "l'Exile"—a slight and poor imitation of some of your own?'

"'I have not been so blessed as to obtain a copy,' replied the abbe.

"'How fortunate that I should have one in my reticule!' said madame, hurriedly seizing the strings of the bag suspended from her arm, and drawing forth a thin volume in boards. The abbe bent low over it as she presented it, and kissing it with reverence, placed it by his side, and the conversation—that is to say, the complimenting—was continued with redoubled vigor.

"Talleyrand then departed, and did not return till the company broke up, when he found that they had both left the bench whereon they had been seated so long together, leaving, however, the 'precious treasures,' which they had received from each other with so much gratitude, behind them! Talleyrand seized upon them with inexpressible delight, thinking that they would furnish matter for innocent jeering, when the loss came to be remembered by either party. But the thing was complete—*they were never sought and never asked for*, and he has them now in his library, and loves to show them as he tells the story of their coming into his possession.—*Life of Talleyrand.*

SUICIDE OVER A GAMING-TABLE.—A letter from Wiesbaden of the 1st inst., in the Constitutionnel, says:—"About two o'clock to-day, when players and lookers-on were ranged round the roulette-table at the Kursaal, at this place, the report of firearms was suddenly heard, and one of the persons standing at the table was seen to stagger and fall dead on the ground. It was a melancholy spectacle, and rendered still more so by the gloom and obscurity of the place, caused by a violent thunderstorm which was raging at the time. The deceased, who was a man in the prime of life, was evidently belonging to the higher ranks of society. His identity has not yet been ascertained, but he is supposed to be a native of Holland, as he wore a decoration of that country. He had recently arrived, and a few minutes before the fatal act had staked and lost his last five florin note. Some of the players at the table appeared much affected at the scene, and left, but others resumed their play in another room, and in an hour afterwards a military band struck up, and everything was life and gaiety."

A LOVE SPELL.—With anxious countenance he began plucking off the petals of the flower one by one; on my asking him what he was doing, he confessed with a blush that he was taken an omen. In Faust, Gretchen does the same thing. The formula was as follows, as he pulled off each leaf in succession:—1. She loves. 2. With all her heart. 3. With secret pain. 4. In her deepest soul. 5. But tells no one. 6. Only a little. 7. Alas! not at all; and so begins again. The words that correspond to the last leaf settling the state of her affections.—*The Ormsian in Norway.*

☞ The people along the Ohio last week were beginning to be alarmed at a considerable fall observed in the river opposite Cincinnati. The fall was greater than has been observed before for many years, and was occasioned by a careless girl taking a bucket of water out of the river instead of going to the well.—*N. Y. Pic.*

☞ THE HUMAN JAWS.—The muscles of the human jaw produce a power equal to four hundred and thirty-four pounds. This is what science tells us, but we know the jaw of some of our lawyers is equal to a good many thousand dollars a year to them.

ENGLAND IN CHAUCER'S TIME.

If ever England merited the title "merrie," it was during the century in which Chaucer flourished. The Conquest had long before been consummated, and the bitter feelings engendered between the rival races had disappeared. The impetuous blood and fiery spirit of the Norman were engrafted on the larger limbs and more placid and persistent temperament of the Saxon, and the result was—an improvement on both—the modern Englishman. The Norman gave him that adventurous spirit which in later days won India, which woos congenial danger in the attempt to pierce the polar seas, and which has sown with the colonies every savage shore.

From the Saxon he drew that calmness and love of order which makes England, perhaps, the least excitable and revolutionary country in the world. The Norman spirit flamed up at the brightest when the Light Brigade charged at Balaklava; it was Saxon nerve and sinew which sustained for so many hours the agony at Inkermann. In those days life had a certain breadth, color and picturesqueness which it does not possess now. It wore a braver dress, and daunted more in the sun. The passions—those wild beasts of the heart—were not, as now, tamed and domesticated. If that time had more violence, it had less hypocrisy; if it had more brawling and bloodshed, there was less envy gnawing at its heart.

Five centuries effect a great change of manners. A man may now-a days, and without the slightest suspicion of the fact, brush clothes with half the English peerage on a sunny forenoon in Piccadilly or Pall-Mall; then it was quite different. The fourteenth century loved magnificence and show. Great lords, when they went abroad, were accompanied by immense retinues, and held a profuse and half-barbaric hospitality when they dwelt in their castles at home. At a later period, the number of retainers who are said to have feasted at the princely tables of Warwick, the king-maker, would make a modern political economist aghast, and lead him to form strange ideas of the wisdom of his ancestors.

In Chaucer's days, Godwin tells us, a certain nobleman arrived in London with such a train of retainers, that they consumed six bullocks every morning for breakfast—great stalwart Englishmen, who washed down the steaks with mighty horns of home-brewed. Think of it and shudder, oh, modern dandy and dyspeptic! London is already a considerable place, numbering, perhaps, two hundred thousand inhabitants, the houses clustering close and high along the river banks, and the grass is green, and on the beautiful April nights the nightingales are singing round the suburban villages of Strand, Holborn, and Charing. It is rich withal, for after the battle of Poictiers, burly Harry Picard, wine merchant and Lord Mayor of London, entertained in the city, and at his own expense, four kings—to wit, Edward, King of England; John, King of France; David, King of Scotland, and the King of Cyprus; and, after feasting to their heart's content, the last-named potentate, slightly heated with honest Harry's wine, offered to engage him at dice, and was nearly ruined thereby; perceiving which, the bluff wine merchant returned the poor king his money, which was received in all thankfulness.

There was great stir one summer morning in that grim castle in Warwickshire, pawing of horses, tossing of bridles, clanking of spurs. After immense to-do, the old lord rides off to attend court, his favorite falcon on his wrist, four squires in attendance, carrying his arms, and behind those, in the sunny day, stretches a long and merry cavalcade. During the absence of the old Earl, young Hopeful spends his time as befits his rank and expectations. He grooms his steed, plays with his hawks, feeds his hounds, and labors diligently to acquire grace and dexterity in the use of arms. He spends half his mornings in tilting at revolving Saracen, with great goggle eyes, ferocious whiskers, and large wooden scimetar, which he has erected on a pole in the green. If he strikes him full and fair, the figure is of course overthrown; if he fails, the infidel wheels round on his pivot, and administers to the back of the squire a sound thwack with his ignoble weapon as he gallops past. At noon, the portcullis is lowered, and out shoots a brilliant train of ladies and gentlemen, and falconers with hawks; they bend their course to the distant river, over which a rainbow is rising from the shower. You see that young lady laughing at our stripling squire, who seems half angry, half pleased—they are lovers, depend upon it. A few years, and the teasing beauty will have become a noble and gracious woman, and the gallant young fellow—who has long since given up fighting with painted Saracens—sitting by a watch-fire at Cressy, will wonder if she is thinking of him.—*Alexander Smith.*

PLAYS IN OLD TIMES.—There was once a very popular game, which consisted in one of the company being seated on a stick which was placed over a pail of water, and was by no means steady; the candidate for honor held in his hands a taper, which it was his object and his glory to light at another, fixed at the extremity of the said stick, and which he could only reach by a delicate and well balanced shuffle towards the object: it frequently happened that the other end would suddenly be uplifted, the stick roll off, the actor be thrown, the light be extinguished, and admired confusion ensue, accompanied by the crowing of lungs like Chanticleer. This lively amusement, it must be confessed, would not suit the velvet carpets of Belgravia, or elsewhere; but in the days when it most obtained, the floor was probably strewn with sand, or at best with rushes. If the game of pail was lively, what was that of the bucket? This was played by our long-haired ancestors; a youth who coor shed locks of sufficient length, or who wore a wig of the proper dimensions, placed himself on a board over the bucket of water prepared. At a given signal he ducked backwards without losing his balance, and managed to dip the tips of his long locks into the pure element, and instantly recover himself. As he seldom accomplished this feat without a variety of failures, the comic incidents attending his struggles delighted the audience. Cherry-bop and orange-bob were both considered as charming games, and one which held its own up to a late period, was thus performed. A gentleman put the end of a coil of string into his mouth, gallantly presenting the other end to a selected young lady; the duty of both was to work the string with their lips, till by degrees they approached each other, as if attracted by a magnetic influence, and a kiss, if one could be accomplished, in spite of the mutual impediment, concluded the affair.—*Household Words.*

HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.—My Christianity becomes each year more simple. That not to love God is sin, and that to love Him again constitutes deliverance from sin; this as infinite truth, this as the solution of every problem, has been transmitted from the Bible to my spiritual life. Christianity is thoroughly practical in its nature. Scientific inquiries and absorption of the soul in religious emotion are of themselves little worth. I learn more and more to discern the Divine wisdom, which has set limits to revelation; all that we need for our happiness is given us, and were the curtain lifted further from holy mysteries, man's utter bewilderment would be hopeless.—*Memoirs of Perthes.*

ANCIENT RECEPTACLES FOR THE DEAD.—The ancient Greeks buried their dead in earthen jars, and many of these are found in the Crimea. The largest and most perfect was discovered by some bee hunters, who traced a bee to the spot, and found the jar filled with honey. When emptied, this enormous jar was found large enough to contain six persons in a sitting posture.

☞ A Quaker being asked his opinion of Phrenology, replied indignantly, "Friend, there can be no good in a science that compels a man to take off his hat!"—*Punch.*

IMPORTANT FROM UTAH.

ARMED INTERFERENCE OF THE SAINTS WITH THE UNITED STATES MAILS—ATTEMPTS TO ASSASSINATE A UNITED STATES OFFICER—THE PERPETRATORS OF THE OUTRAGE ENCOURAGED BY THE AUTHORITIES—EXHORTATIONS IN THE TEMPLE TO "GO AND DO LIKEWISE"—EFFORTS MADE BY THE MORMONS TO *PROPITIATE* THE INDIANS, &c., &c.

SALT LAKE CITY, Aug. 31, 1856.

When the United States mail was preparing to leave this place, on the 14 of the month, we were much astonished to see a body of fourteen horsemen, with arms secreted about their persons—among whom were Bill Hickman, Hiram Clawson, S. C. Little, and Brigham Young, Jr.—ride down to the United States mail carriages, and follow them wherever they went, and fuming in a line alongside of them whenever they stopped. They escorted the mail in this manner until it reached the mouth of Emigration Kanyon, when Mr. Maxwell, the conductor, stopped the carriages, and, riding back to the posse, told them that he would proceed no further until they gave him the reasons for their unwarrantable conduct. They gave him as an excuse, that when the mail came into the city, the mail carriers had shouted and made a great noise, and that to prevent them from doing so in going out, they had been ordered to escort them. They then returned to the city, and the mail proceeded on its way. It was, however, rumored in the city, and generally believed, that there were persons who intended to go in the mail carriage whom they wished to prevent from leaving the country.

The following Sunday, Brigham Young told the people, in the Tabernacle, that any man who would sell a bushel of wheat to a "Gentile," would have to give the same amount for the benefit of the church, and that if he persisted in doing so, his property should all be confiscated. Again, he said, "if you owe anything to the Gentile merchants, suffer yourselves to be sued, and your horses, cattle, lands, &c., to be taken from you, before you allow a bushel of wheat to go from your granaries." Thus simply telling them that if they did not pay the merchants the wheat, which many of them are under bonds to deliver for debts which they have incurred, in anticipation of the harvest, that he would see that they would lose nothing by being sued. Also, in speaking of the Gentiles, he said that he hated the very sight of them, "and if you were all," said he, "real good Mormons—such Mormons as I should like to see you—not a single Gentile would remain in the place a minute. It would be too hot for them here. You would make it hotter for them than the south-east corner of a Methodist hell."

But the event which has created the greatest excitement in this city, was a most outrageous attempt at assassination, which was made upon a United States officer in the public streets, under the sanction and countenance of the authorities of the Mormon church. The facts are these:—About dusk one evening, Mr. Joseph Troskolawski, a United States Deputy Surveyor, went to the store of *Messrs. Hooper & Williams* to make a few purchases. Here he met Bill Hickman, a notorious member of the Danite Band, who engaged in conversation with him in a friendly manner, no one having any suspicion that he had the least unkind feeling towards him. Mr. T. then left the store alone, to go to his lodgings. He had gone but a few steps when three men, associates of Hickman, stepped up behind him and knocked him down. One of them commenced beating him about the head with the butt of a heavy loaded whip, and the other stamped upon and kicked him, being assisted by Bill Hickman, who had followed him up from the store, and who cried out to the other villains: "Kill him quick, I'll stand the consequences." *Messrs Hooper* and Williams, hearing a cry in the street, ran to their door, and seeing these fellows beating a man, rushed to the spot just in time to save Mr. T.'s life. Mr. Hooper seized Hickman by the collar, when the latter drew a knife upon him. He, however, succeeded in throwing him off. Mr. Williams, in the meantime throwing the other two fellows off, liberated Mr. T., who staggered, blind and strangling in his blood, towards the office of the mail agent, and was caught by Mr. Dolson, who carried him in. Hickman and his associates then jumped on their horses and rode off unmolested, yelling and shouting like Indians.

On examination Mr. Troskolawski was found to be very seriously hurt, having received a severe internal injury and being dreadfully cut up and bruised. He had received heavy blows behind each ear and on his forehead. He passed four days in the greatest agony, his friends expecting every moment that he would die; but under the care of Dr. Lee, the inflammation was arrested, and he is now slowly recovering. *No* cause was assigned for the attack, except that Mr. T. had used too great freedom of speech in expressing his views of Mormon religion. Bill Hickman was in town the next day boasting of what he had done, and saying that he was not afraid, that he could pay damages and stand a trial, for his counsel was a high one. Towards the middle of the day Brigham Young, the *Governor of the Territory*, sent for Hickman, who remained with him some two hours. There was a great deal of excitement in the city, and the sympathy of the mass of the people was for Mr. T., although many of the leaders said they were sorry the d—d Gentile had not been killed. Hickman was in town every day that week, and no effort was made by the authorities to bring the offender to justice. It is useless for the Gentiles to make complaint, for there is not the least shadow of law or justice in Utah. Brigham Young is absolute monarch, and his word is the only law acknowledged.

On the Sunday afternoon following, Jedediah M. Grant, the second counsellor of Brigham, made the following remarks in the Tabernacle, rebuking the people for the sympathy which they had evinced for Mr. T. He said—"I am sick of this sympathizing spirit, which you, as individuals, have with the Gentiles and apostate Mormons. I abhor this sympathetic feeling you have towards the wretches who would cut our throats, and of whom I can say, as I have said of Martin Van Buren, that they should be winked at by blind men, they should be kicked across lots by cripples, they should be nibbled to death by young ducks, and be drawn through the key hole to hell by bumble-bees. Because a poor scoundrel will come into our streets drunk and fall into a ditch, and some of our 'sheepish' brethren happened to stumble over him, you should sympathize with him. I am ashamed of you." "We ask no odds of the Gentiles, we care not what they say or do, nor fear what they can do." (Brigham repeated "yes, we ask no odds of any of them.") He spoke in this manner for an hour, using language which would not be tolerated among the lowest and most degraded class of persons anywhere in the world.

After Jedediah had finished speaking, Heber C. Kimball, Brigham's first counsellor, rose and remarked that *he agreed with all that Jedediah had said, and then added*—"This occurrence, alluded to by brother Grant, I never heard of until a day or two ago, and if another such occurrence takes place, you'll not hear of it at all," and then continued in about the same strain as the preceding speaker. They then finished by ordering Thomas S. Williams to go on a mission as a reward for his interference in the affair.

The above are the passages which are fit to be published; for some were too indecent to be repeated. The whole drift of the afternoon's discourses was that the courts approved of this deed and upheld the "sheepish brethren" (not Danite as formerly) in what they had done—that the people had no business to be surprised—that they *reproved* them for the excitement which had been created, and that the next time such a deed was committed there would be no occasion for any one to be made about it

Bill Hickman was sent out to Green River the week after with a couple of wagon loads of goods for Washakeek, the Chief of the Snake tribe. Why he was sent instead of Armstrong, the Indian Agent, remains to be ascertained; but probably it is part of the excellent peace policy which Brigham has found to work so well, and in pursuance of which he distributes presents to the Indians in the name of the Mormons, (taking care to make the distinction broad between Americans and Mormons,) which presents are paid for by the United States Government. The immediate cause of these presents being sent, is that news has been received from the upper country that the Snake and Bannack Indians are all ready at a moment's warning to make war upon the Mormons, and that they are only waiting to hear the success of the war in Oregon to commence hostilities.—*Correspondent of N. Y. Herald.*

THE PRINCESS ROYAL AND HER LOVER.—An anecdote touching Prince Frederick William and his future illustrious consort is current here among the highest circles, which reflects great credit on the perfect sense and judgment of the former, and upon the high intellectual and sterling qualities of the latter. On returning from England, Prince Frederick William is said to have been asked by the Prince, his father, what he thought of his future royal bride? "In my position, and with my future destinies," rejoined the son, "my special duty is to consider the mind, character, and tendencies of my future consort infinitely more than all external appearances. The latter won my heart—the former my admiration and my profound respect. They are such as are best qualified to ensure my domestic happiness, and to win for my wife and me the love and esteem of the Prussian nation."—*Berlin Letter.*

A PRIEST EXCOMMUNICATED.—The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune, publishes a paper, which, it says, has been posted in all the Catholic churches in the country, signed by Anthony O'Regan, Bishop of Chicago, and dated at the Episcopal residence, excommunicating the Rev. M. C. Changery, and commanding "all Catholics against having any communication with him whatever, in spiritual affairs."

Competition Between the English and the United States Farmers.

[From the London Times of September 27.]

How many persons read with any considerable attention the log-book of "the fore and aft schooner Dean Richmond, 367 tons register, from Chicago to Liverpool," which we published in our impression of yesterday! We much doubt whether, with the exception of the account of Mr. Bessemer's new process for the manufacturing of iron, we have for many years past noticed any transaction which is likely to exercise so great an influence upon the destinies of this country. The voyage of the Dean Richmond seems to decide the question of the region whence our supplies of grain over and above our own produce are for the future to be drawn. It is the beginning of a keen competition between the English and the United States farmer; not that we entertain the shadow of fear for our own people in the friendly contest. If they cannot in ordinary years undersell, with fair profit to themselves, the United States consignments, which are necessarily weighted with a heavy charge for freight upon the most favorable supposition, we are much mistaken. The British farmer will be compelled to look about him, to become a scientific cultivator, to employ machinery—to do his best, in short; and the result, as far as he is concerned, is certain. But how enormous is the gain to this country, to be assured that for the future, in seasons of scarcity we shall be able to obtain in the most perfect condition, and at a moderate rate, boundless supplies of grain from the northwestern provinces of the United States, which, of course, will take our manufacture in return!

Hitherto, grain from the other side of the Atlantic, via New York, has been subjected to three several freights, and has passed through three or four different hands, ere it reached Liverpool. By the new arrangement, it can be put on board at Chicago, on Lake Michigan, and discharged at Liverpool, the period occupied in the passage being fifty days, or even less. The Dean Richmond actually took sixty days, but then there was a detention of twelve days in the St. Lawrence. It was a trial trip. The comparative distances to Liverpool from Chicago, on the one hand, and New York on the other, are as follows: From Chicago to Quebec 1,600 miles; from Quebec to Cape Race 800 miles—together, 2,400 miles. From New York to Cape Race the distance is 1,010 miles. From Cape Race to Liverpool the distance is 2,010 miles. From New York to Liverpool by the direct route the distance is 3,020 miles.

We have received lately consignments from the North-Western States, charged with a freight of 13s. 6d. a quarter, the carriage to Buffalo, as remarked by a Liverpool cotemporary, being unusually low.—"The Black Sea freight" (we copy from the same journal) "at present are 12s. per quarter, and the usual voyage from Galatz 70 to 100 days. The Dean Richmond has made the entire passage in 60 days, including 12 days' detention in the St. Lawrence, which would not be likely to occur again; vessels therefore may be expected to make the run in 50 days, while a vast saving in expense will be gained, the freight and charges being less by several shillings than via New York, or from the Black Sea."

All this means nothing less than a great revolution in the grain trade, which has hitherto been far too much in the hands of the Greek houses. Let any one be at the pains of turning to a map of North America, and let him mark the position of Chicago as an entrepot for the grain States. It lies in their very heart, and from that it will undersell the Black Sea trade, and force it to reduce its freights. From Lake Michigan into Lake Huron, and from Lake Huron into Lake Erie, it is an open navigation.

At the western extremity of Lake Erie we come upon the Welland Canal—this canal is but short—through which a ship passes into Lake Ontario, and from that point her run is free down the St. Lawrence into the Atlantic and to a British port. Were Detroit or some other port at the western end of Lake Erie chosen as the point of departure, in place of Chicago, at the foot of Lake Michigan, there would be a gain of ten days upon the run. The distance between the two points is inconsiderable by land, but by water there is a necessity for circumnavigating the whole peninsula of Michigan. Of the objections to this suggestion we are unaware; they can only be propounded by local experience. The position, however, of Chicago is favorable enough to enable it to drive all competitors out of the field, even if no better can be chosen. This change in the direction of the grain trade is one which we regard with peculiar satisfaction, for as one of its collateral consequences it will help our Canadian fellow-subjects to carry out their project of a well-organized communication by steamer between Quebec and Liverpool. The St. Lawrence, backed, as it is by that magnificent series of inland seas, ought to be the high road from Europe into the heart of the North American Continent. Whatever lies in our power to arrive at so desirable a conclusion, we are bound by every tie of interest and patriotism of affection and policy to perform.—The log-book of the Dean Richmond will, we trust, prove a notable addition to the records of the Canadas.

A SUGAR PLANT.—A paper called the Statesman, published at Calhoun, Georgia, says that a Mr. J. Peters, of that place, has made this season about three hundred and twenty gallons of good syrup from the juice of the Chinese sugar millet, and asserts that, with proper cultivation, four hundred gallons of syrup may be obtained from an acre of millet. A person at Newton Centre, Mass., as we learn from the Boston Traveller, has cultivated some of this millet this season, and made a quantity of excellent molasses from it, and it is stated that it can be cultivated in New England as successfully as Indian corn. It thus appears that this plant is adapted to all parts of the Union, as much as wheat and corn. In the present juncture, when the price of sugar is so high, it might be to the advantage of the agriculturists of both sections to attempt its cultivation on a large scale. The process of manufacturing syrup is simple, the stalks being run through between a pair of heavy rollers, the juice received into tubs, and then boiled down into syrup or molasses. There does not seem any relief in prospect for our sugar market, unless the cultivation of some new sugar crop like this can be resorted to at once, and hence the interest felt at the South in all plants of the kind. The success which has attended all the experiments made with the Chinese sugar millet renders it worth a trial, and we trust that the enterprising farmers of Pennsylvania and the planters of Virginia and the South may undertake it. If successful, the profits would be quite large, with the present market rates for sugar. In fact, the crop would be just now more remunerative than any other.—*North American.*

We have seen this *Sorghum* growing and nearly ripened this Fall in diverse sections of our own State and Northern Pennsylvania, and estimate its average height in good soil at fully ten feet. Our own little patch will average more than that, but a high wind knocked most of it down more than a month ago. That it is destined to prove one of the best fodder plants, we have no doubt; but we fear it will not usually ripen its seed much north of this city. But the seed, like that of broom-corn, is small and light; enough of it to seed an acre (for Sugar) would hardly fill a four-quart measure, or weigh six pounds. If grown for fodder, it should of course be sown much thicker. We have no doubt that it will pretty uniformly ripen on all the New Jersey soil that will produce sweet potatoes or melons, and that every Northern farmer will find his account in growing at least an acre of it for fodder alone, even though he be obliged to buy his seed. That it will prove profitable southward of this city, cannot be doubted.

We have tasted the Syrup made from *Sorghum*, and find it quite palatable. We trust our farmers will cautiously enter upon its cultivation; though we do not believe any Sugar will be made from it at a profit for several years yet. Inexperience, want of the requisite machinery for crushing, boiling, refining, &c., with the necessarily high price of seed, seem to stand in the way of any immediate realization of the sanguine visions of the seed sellers. But if each enterprising farmer will obtain a little seed next Winter—through his Representative in Congress, if he cannot procure it otherwise—and plant this at Indian corn distance in the richest, warmest land he can devote to it, he may grow a fair supply of seed next year and satisfy himself by experiment that his cattle will eat the stalk and leaves with avidity. Two years hence, he may grow a considerable patch, save the seed and feed the stalks; and now he may begin to think of Sugar making if he shall meantime have thoroughly informed himself with regard to it. If we can avoid a Multicaulis fever with regard to *Sorghum*, we shall soon find it a valuable addition to the staples of our Free as well as Slave States Agriculture.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A PRINCELY DEFAULTER.—A letter in the Debats says:—"It has been already announced that the Prince of Mecklenburgh Schwerin, brother of the reigning Grand Duke, after resigning his post as major in the royal guard, retired to a chateau belonging to his uncle, the King, at Konigsburg. The sensation caused at Berlin, and in military circles by this strange affair and scarcely subsided, when it was heard that the Prince had left the above chateau and had embarked by a steamer for Copenhagen, whence he intends, it is said, to proceed to America. His brother, the reigning Grand Duke, has, on several occasions, advanced him very considerable sums, but on this occasion, it is said, that his debts and liabilities of the Prince amount to more than half a million. It appears that the holders of his bills have refused to enter into any compromise, and that it is to avoid legal proceedings that he has determined to quit Germany for America."

FROM KANSAS.

STRINGFELLOW OUT OF ODDS IN WESTON—PRO-SLAVERY AND FREE STATE VOLUNTEERS, &c.

It seems from the full account of the recent abortive attempt of the Regulators in Missouri to lynch a merchant of Weston, Mo., for selling provisions to citizens of Kansas, that Stringfellow was ordered not only to leave the town, but the county, forever, and he was given five days to enable him to settle up his affairs. It seems to be true that Governor Geary, of Kansas, has issued writs for the arrest of Dr. Stringfellow, G. n. Reid, and other leading Border Ruffians, on the affidavits of citizens of Ossawatamie, but none of these persons have been arrested. The Governor has also organized five companies of volunteer infantry, who are enlisted for three months, and provided with uniforms, arms, and the same pay as the regular army. Two of these companies are Pro-Slavery, under the command of Col. Titus, and are stationed at Lecompton, while the other three are to be composed of Free State men, and to be stationed at Lawrence and Topeka. The party of Free Soil emigrants who arrived recently in Topeka, by the northern route, consisted of five companies, numbering in all 143 men, and 123 women and children.—They had with them thirty teams of oxen and mules to draw their stores. Of the latter they had a large quantity. Immediately upon their arrival in the Territory, they went to work to locate claims and build towns.

A letter from Lawrence, dated Oct. 3rd, says that another large company of emigrants, under the lead of Col. Aldridge and Gen. Pomeroy, was at the Nebraska line on their way to Kansas, and that Gov. Geary would not interfere with them. They carried with them money and clothing for the sufferers by the Missouri depredations. Many of the previous train of emigrants had settled on the Big Blue river, near the northern line, and the Iowa farmers had agreed to furnish them with provisions during the winter. Another letter from Lawrence, dated Sept. 28th, says that during the week previous, a rope was opened from Lawrence to Leavenworth by a party of Free Soilers, with twenty teams, escorted and protected by a company of United States dragoons.

B. Miles Moore, one of the leading Free Soilers, Attorney General under the Topeka Constitution, and aid to Gen. Lane in the recent troubles, having arrived at Kansas City, Mo., by stage from Lawrence, was arrested there, by direction of John Calhoun, U. S. Surveyor General for Kansas. Two of Calhoun's clerks then hired a hack and conveyed him to Wyandott City, Kansas Territory, where he was confined in Calhoun's office. A messenger was then sent to Leavenworth, and four writs of arrest procured for Moore. When the people of Kansas City, Mo., heard of the manner in which Moore was carried off, they caused writs of arrest to be issued against the kidnappers. Kansas City has suffered severely by the loss of trade during the Kansas disturbances, and, like the people of Weston, they are determined that the Free State men shall be protected there.

The 107 Free State men recently arrested, and now imprisoned, are from the following States: Maine, 2; New Hampshire, 1; Vermont, 3; Massachusetts, 12; Rhode Island, 2; Connecticut, 1; New York, 13; Ohio, 12; Michigan, 5; Indiana, 12; Illinois, 23; Wisconsin, 5; Iowa, 9; Missouri, 6; total, 107.

The New York Tribune of the 20th contains the following special despatch from Lawrence, K. T., via St. Louis, dated Oct. 14th:—

A man came here last night with the news that two hundred and forty emigrants had been arrested near the Nebraska line, by Col. Cook, at the head of four hundred dragoons. They are on their way to Lecompton. It is supposed they were arrested because found in a body.

That a writ is issued for the arrest of Sheriff Jones is false. Governor Geary boards with Sheriff Jones.

The Special Court for the trial of the Free-State prisoners convened to day.

FROM NICARAGUA.—BATTLE EXPECTED.—SLAVERY RE-ESTABLISHED.—We have important news from Nicaragua, brought by the steamship Texas, at New York, from San Juan del Norte about the 7th inst. The Texas encountered violent gales on the voyage, which delayed her passage and rendered it necessary to put into Norfolk for supplies. She brought $156,563 in treasure, and between seven and eight hundred passengers from California. Dates from Granada (Nicaragua) are to the 4th inst. Gen. Walker was concentrating his forces at Granada to await an attack from the combined armies of the Central American States. Walker's army now numbers 1,500 Americans, having been joined by Colonels Kewen and Saunders, and 150 recruits by the last San Francisco steamer. The enemy number about 2,000, mostly natives. It was expected that a decisive battle would be fought about the 10th inst.

The decree of the Constituent Assembly abolishing slavery had been revoked, and that domestic institution is now virtually re-established in the republic. It is expected that this act will attract a large number of emigrants from the southern section of the United States. A large number of valuable estates, confiscated by executive decree, will be sold by auction on New Year's day, affording a fine chance for profitable investment, as the government scrip, which will be received in payment, can now be obtained at a merely nominal price. Major Heiss has been commissioned to proceed to Washington and ratify the commercial treaty recently concluded with our Government. The fees for distillery licenses had yielded quite a considerable sum of money.

THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN HERBERT AND THE COMMITTEE OF CITIZENS IN CALIFORNIA.—The San Francisco Bulletin says:

Yesterday, at 3 o'clock, P. M., a Committee of citizens, who had been delegated for that purpose, waited upon P. T. Herbert, at the St. Nicholas Hotel, with the view of presenting to him the petition which had been signed to forward to Washington. The Committee, through their Chairman, Mr. J. H. Brown, addressed Herbert substantially as follows:

"SIR—We have been delegated by your fellow-citizens to wait upon you and tender you this package, which includes a petition of about two thousand persons, residents in this State, asking you to select some other locality for a residence. The duty which has been imposed upon us is a painful one, and we deeply regret the necessity that has made our present mission to you; but having been delegated with power to call upon you and make known the wishes of our fellow citizens, we place this document in your possession as we have been instructed."

The petition was in the following words:

"To Hon. P. T. HERBERT:—We, the citizens of California, believing that you have forfeited your claims and rights as our Representative, and that by your course at the National Capital, you have deeply injured the fair fame of the State of California, both at home and abroad, would, therefore, take this course to make known our wishes, and respectfully request of you that you would not again make California your residence.

"California, Aug. 25, 1856."

A ROYAL MATTHEUS.—The ex-King, Louis of Bavaria, who recently attained his seventieth year, was, a few days ago, waited on at his chateau, at Ludwigshahe, in the Palatinate, by a deputation from Strasburg, in which place he was born, who paid their respects to him on the occasion. The King received them most kindly, promised to visit their city, and related to them a curious circumstance. At the time of his birth, in August, 1786, his father, who was then only Prince des Deux Ponts, commanded the Alsace regiment in the service of France, which was in the garrison at Strasburg; and a few days after the birth he was astonished to see that all his grenadiers had cut off their beards and moustaches. On inquiring why they had done so, one of the men stepped forward and said that they had determined to beg his acceptance of a velvet mattress for the newly-born prince, and that they had stuffed it with their beards and moustaches! "I have the mattress still," cried the King, "and will show it to you!" The mattress was produced, and the King added, "I do not think that there is in the world a bed which can be called more strictly military than that!"

A LETTER FROM WIDDIN, TURKEY, dated August 27th, says—"We have this morning heard a sound which the people of Bulgaria have not heard for ages, the sound of a bell calling the Christians to church, to thank God that the Sultan has been pleased to restore to us our liberty of worship.—Widden is the first Bulgarian town that has received a bell."

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The offerings continue large, but prices rule about the same as at the close of last week. Some 2,000 Beef Cattle were at the Drove Yard near Penn Township, including 300 prime Cattle taken on Monday last, and about 400 left over. The remainder were mostly all disposed of to the city butchers on Monday, prices ranging as from $7,25 @ $8 per 100 lbs for common to extra Cattle.

The following are the particulars of the sales:—

No.	Sales.	Owners.	Prices.
140	Ohio and Penn.,	Hamm & Co.,	$7 @ $8 mid.
74	Ohio and Penn.,	Conard & Co.,	7 @ 8 mid.
90	Chester Co.	A. Kennedy,	7 @ 7½ good.
150	Chester Co.	Forest Beavers,	7 @ 8 good.
50	Chester Co.	D. Foreman,	7 @ 7½ good.
98	Chester Co.	Coates, Tremer & Co.,	7 @ 8 good.
150	Chester Co.	Messrs. Ash, Jones,	7 @ 7½ good.
200	Chester Co.	Messrs. Gibbons,	6½ @ 7 mixed.
150	Ohio and Penn.,	of all grades, sold at	$7,8@8.

Gross @ 7 @ 8c.

About 50 Beeves were offered at Scheetland's Drove Yard, including 41 Ohio, 27 Virginia and Tennessee, mostly from Chester county, all of good quality, the bulk of which were disposed of at from 7½ @ 8c @ lb.

Sheep and Lambs—Of these offered this week, mostly at the Washington Drove Yard, Ridge Avenue, Prices ranged at from $3 to $4 for Fresh Cows; $20 to $50 for Springers, and $10 to $28 for Dry Cows, the market closing dull.

Of Hogs the arrivals at Reeser's Union Drove Yard were about 2,000, principally from the West, part of which sold at 6½ @ 6¾c per lb, gross, with a good demand.

Sheep and Lambs—Of these several droves, and quite 10,000 head have been taken on arrival at the different Yards, at from 6½ @ 7½ @ 8c each as to quality. The receipts were mainly from Pennsylvania and Ohio.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, October 20, 1856.

The week having to a great extent absorbed the attention of the business community in the operations of the past week have been very moderate for the season. In Dry Goods the country trade continues fair to a close, but the speculative movement noticed in certain goods that would sometimes, and still designate as Jobbing Trade, with its native manner, during its hours and accustomed days of the season. Prints of good styles are going off rapidly, and Cloths and Cassimeres are in steady demand, with a moderate business to note in woolens and worsteds, and domestic cottonades at steady rates. Flannels and Blankets remain without alteration. Stocks generally are well cleared up, and some descriptions, particularly fancy dress goods, are scarce. In the produce markets, New Orleans have an upward tendency under the late news from abroad, and Flour and Wheat are bringing rather higher prices. Bank has advanced. Cotton is firmly held, and with a light stock for export, but buyers at the close are holding off. Provisions have also been quiet, without change in quotations. Groceries have also been quiet, owing to the absence of traders. The Provision market remains very much as before, with a decided firmness to notice, at about previous prices. Holders of Pork, however, are disposing of it to some extent within a day or two. Hides and Leather continue buoyant, but the want of stock checks business. Lumber is unchanged. Lead is held rather more firmly. In Naval Stores, Spirits Turpentine has advanced. In Oils, Linseed continues scarce and other kinds have been dull and prices unchanged, and Whale and Sperm are very quiet. Seeds have been quiet, but other kinds are steady. Rice is scarce, and in but little demand. Tobacco is unchanged. Clover seed is rather lower. Wool is firmer, upwards of a million pounds of foreign and domestic stock for the season and Whatever is rather lower. In other articles there is no important change to note.

ASHES—The market is firm for Pots, with a limited stock to operate in. Pearls are already and firmly held at former rates. Receipts of Pots, 50 casks; Pearls, 10 casks; making a total receipts of 60 casks since last week. Sales were also reported at 6½ @ 6¾c for Pots, and 7½ @ 7¾c for Pearls.

BEESWAX—Is wanted but at a price below the views of holders generally, and only about 1,000 lbs have been disposed of at 25c @ lb, some holders asking 26c.

CANDLES—Sperm and Adamantine continue scarce and in demand at fully former rates; about 10,000 boxes of the latter, D Tham & Co's make, have been contracted for on terms not public. Tallow Candles are more active at 10½ @ 11c @ lb as to quality.

COAL. Orders come in slowly, and there is only a moderate business doing for the season; prices, however, rule about steady. Of Allegheny Coal there is very little offering or selling.

The receipts of Anthracite Coal, from the Lehigh and Schuylkill regions, during the past week, and for the season, thus far, were as follows:

	FOR THE WEEK. 1855.	1856.	
Lehigh Canal	96,208	57,800	[no. 5,000
Schuylkill Canal	27,681	30,643	Inc. 2,10
Reading Railroad	51,296	49,000	Dec. 2,2.7
Total for week	111 6-9	117,6.8	Inc. 5,000
	FOR THE YEAR. 1855.	1856.	
Lehigh Canal	1,161,6 8	950, 98	Dec. 192,717
Schuylkill Canal	295,402	9-7,8?8	Inc. 14,461
Reading Railroad	1,252,556	1,3 9,544	Dec. 142,.14
Total	3,707,.73	3,076,.75	Dec. 251,3 8

The Lehigh Valley Railroad has carried, thus far, 126,766 tons, which more than makes up the deficiency on the Lehigh Canal.

COFFEE—There is a fair inquiry for this article; the demand, however, is mostly confined to the better grades, which are scarce, and generally held above the views of buyers, with only a small business to note in the way of sales, which reach about 300 bags, in lots, principally Rio, within the range of small to prime, and 50 bags of Java, more also been sold at last to note, and a good business doing in Rio in bond and duty paid.

COTTON—The stock is very much reduced but the market has been less active this week; holders, however, continue firm in their views, and prices are fairly sustained; the week's sales reaching some 1,500 bales, taken by spinners and speculators, mostly Uplands, within the range of 10½ @ 10c, including Gulfs at 10½c @c, cash and time, and a few fancy lots at higher figures.

DRUGS AND DYES—Transactions continue moderate; among the sales are about 150 tons Soda Ash at 2½; 80 casks bleaching powders at 2½ @c, part to arrive; 35 casks Rhenish at 13c and 20 casks Dutch Madder, common quality, at 11a11½, all on time.

FEATHERS. There is very little offering, and prices Western are somewhat nominal, and in request, at 45 @ 47½c @ lb.

FRUIT—The market is nearly bare of Foreign, and only a few small sales of Lemons are reported at $4 @ $5 per box—two Messina cases have just arrived. Domestic Fruit is scarce. Apples are selling at from $1,50 to $3,50 @ bbl, and of Quinces—barrels and boxes are reported at $1 @ $1,50, as to quality. Dried Fruit is beginning to arrive, but no sales have come under our notice.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The late foreign news has imparted a better feeling to the Flour market, and holders have realized an advance of fully 25 cents @ barrel since last week.—The receipts and stocks continue light for the season, and four sorts also have been disposed of in lots for export at from $8,5 to 8,75 for standard and better brands, and $7,87½ @ bbl for extra; the market closing firm at the above quotations, and some holders refuse $8,75 @ bbl, which is the general asking price for standard superfine. The home trade has also been more active within the above ranges of prices for common to good brands and extra. 1d $7,87½ @ bbl for fancy lots. Rye Flour continues scarce and firm, with a small business to note at $5,50 @ bbl. Corn Meal obtains rather higher; about 600 bbls Brandywine sold only in the week at $4,75, and 500 bbls Penna at $3,62½ @ $3,75, mostly at the latter rate, which is a decline. The following are the inspections for the week: 6,587 bbls Flour; 240 half do do; 400 bbls Corn Meal, and 474 bbls Rye Flour.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have been light, and under a good demand both for milling and shipping purposes, however, the week's sales, reaching about 60,000 bushels at 140a145 c for good reds, and 150a152 c for white, including inferior at late rates. The closing rates were as our highest figures. Rye is steady, with further receipts, and sales of 5 00 bush at 78c @ bushel for Southern, and 80a80½c for Penna. the latter for new. Corn has been in fair request, and about 10,000 bushels have been taken, principally for the home trade, at 80a82c for yellow, and 78a80c for mixed, and 81a82c for white. A small lot of new yellow, the first of the season, rather damp, was sold at 75c. Oats have been scarce and in demand, and about 10,000 bushels have been disposed of at 48a49c, closing at the latter rate, which is an advance. Barley is quiet, with sales of 800 bus Western New York at 125 @ 128c, as to quality.

PORK—The country demand has been moderate during the past week. Store prices of Mackerel range at 32½ for large, and $15 for small; and $ lots for medium, as to size. Herring are selling at $4 @ $5 for No 1's of medium size. Herring are selling at $4 @ $5, and dry Cod at $5,75 @ $6 for No. 1, as to lots.

GUANO—The sales this season is over, and the market is quiet, but without any change to note in quotations.

GINSENG—There is little or none offering or selling, and quite as no one has wanted at previous quoted rates.

HEMP—The market is bare of this article, and we have no sales to note to-day; quotations, which are nearly as usual.

IRON—The market is without change, and the amount of stock in transactions.

LUMBER—White Pine moves off freely, at $ @ $ for common to good, and $38@35 for clear. No thing new in the way of sales of prime Lathe are reported at $1,46a1,50 @ M, as to lots. Shingles are steady at $1,75 @ M.

LEATHER—The market is quiet for the want of stock, and the receipts which are light for the season, find ready sale at full prices.

MOLASSES—Is more active at the advance, and some 600 hhds, mostly Cuba, have changed hands, on terms not public.

NAVAL STORES—Spirits Turpentine is rather better. About 400 bbls sold at 42 @ 43c @ gallon, 4 months or 6 months cash, one time. Rosins have also been taken at from $2,25a4 @ bbl, as to quality. No change in Pitch or Tar, and sales limited.

OILS—Lowest conference rates and on the advance, prices ranging at $1,60a1,70. Of Palm Oil about 12,000 gallons, a direct import, have been sold at 10½c @ gallon, 6 months. Sperm is a shade firmer, with about the usual business doing at steady rates. Lard Oil remains quiet at previous quotations. A sale of 100 bbls Western was made at $1,03.

PLASTER. There is very little offering or selling, and soft is quoted at $3 @ ton.

PROVISIONS—The market continues very inactive. Pork is firmly held for more, but the sales are mostly in a small way at $16,50 @ bbl for Mess, which is now held higher. City Mess Beef is steady at $ @ $ @ bbl, with a limited demand. Bacon moves off in a retail way at 9a10c for Hams, 6a6½c for sides, and 5a5½c for Shoulders. Green meats are scarce, but there are little or no others doing to alter quotations. Lard is still, and prices foot the larger, some small sales of 25s and 50s kegs and firkins made at 9c, cash; kegs are held at 10c. Butter is in better demand, with but little offering. Western packed is quoted at 14c to and not at 15a16c, as to quality. Cheese is steady at 9a10c @ lb.

RICE—The stock is nearly exhausted, and about 150 casks fair quality sold at 4a4½c @ lb, cash or time; some small sales of new crop have also been made at 3½ @ lb.

RAGS—About 100 bales Rosin have been disposed of on terms not public.

SALT—An import of 10,000 bus Bonaire was sold on terms previous; a cargo of Turks Island just in, remains unsold.

SEEDS—There is very little offering or selling; some 600 bus Clover Seed are reported disposed of at 5½c @ lb, for prime new Seed, including a small lot to go out of the market at some-thing more. Of Timothy seed, small sales are reported at $1,87½ @ bus, as to quality. Flaxseed is scarce, and domestic is wanted at $2,12½ @ bus, which is no advance.

STARCH—About 60 bags Starch have been taken at 6¾a7¾ @ lbs, as to quality.

SPIRITS—There is nothing new in Brandy or Gin, and about the usual business doing at steady rates. N. E. Rum is scarce and firm at 45a50c. Whiskey is rather lower this week, and prices have ranged at 27a28c for bbls, 26c for hhds, and 25c for drudge.

SUGAR—The market has been very quiet, owing to the difference in the views of buyers and sellers, and only some 600 hhds, mostly Cuba, have been disposed of at 8½a9c, on the usual credit.

TALLOW—There is rather more doing in city rendered, and prices range at 12a12½c @ lb.

TEAS—There is a fair business doing in both Blacks and Greens, and the former are bringing rather better prices.

TOBACCO—The market is firm at the 1 to advance, but no sales of importance to report, the stock of leaf is very light.

WINE—No change in price or demand, and a small business only to notice.

WOOL—There is a fair inquiry from manufacturers, but the firmness of holders limit operations, and the week's transactions reach about 300,000 lbs, mostly Western fleece, within the range of 44a50, and 52c, for common to full blood and choice clips, as the usual terms; stocks are light, and prices have an upward tendency.

BALTIMORE MARKET.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market was rather quiet. The stock on hand is light. Sales of 500 bbls Howard Street at $7; also 400 bbls Ohio at same price. The market closed firmly at this figure. Sales of 400 bbls City Mills at $ @ $, but holders were generally asking $7. Buyers, however, did not seem disposed to purchase at the price. Family and Extra Flour—Small sales are making of Baltimore extra at $ @ $, family do $8, Howard Street superfine $ @ $, Howard Street extra $8,25 @ $8,50, Howard Street family $8,75 @ $9, and City Mills Flour—We quote new at $7 @ $7 and so on; old $8 to $ @ $. Corn Meal—Sales are making at city at $3,25, and country at $3,62½. Stock on hand light.

GRAIN AND SEEDS—Wheat—The demand was fair. Shippers bought freely. Receipts still continue light. Prices unchanged. There were 60 bushels of new and 1 cask of white sold at 140 @ 145c, as to quality. Corn—Sales were making at city at 82c, and country at 80a82. Stock on hand light.

PROVISIONS—The market continues very inactive. Pork is firmly held for more, but the sales are mostly in a small way at $16,50 @ bbl for Mess, which is now held higher. City Mess Beef is steady at $ @ $ @ bbl, with a limited demand. Bacon moves off in a retail way at 9a10c for Hams, 6a6½c for sides, and 5a5½c for Shoulders. Green meats are scarce, but there are little or no others doing to alter quotations. Lard is still, and prices foot the larger, some small sales of 25s and 50s kegs and firkins made at 9c, cash; kegs are held at 10c. Butter is in better demand, with but little offering. Western packed is quoted at 14c to and not at 15a16c, as to quality. Cheese is steady at 9a10c @ lb.

WHISKEY—Sales on hand nearly at former prices.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
E. B. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL,
No. 77 Dock Street.

MEATS.

| Beef. | | Bre

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN R. A. PRYOR, OF THE RICHMOND ENQUIRER, AND J. M. BOTTS, OF RICHMOND, VA.

RICHMOND, Oct. 11th, 1856.

SIR:—I was reluctant to meet your son, because I had proof that you had put him forward to resent insults which you had no excuse to shift to the shoulders of another. Determined to afford you no apology for evading the issue with myself, I consented to come down to a level with your son. Having disposed of him, I now confront you, and demand the satisfaction which gentlemen are always ready to render those upon whom they have inflicted wrong and insult. ROGER A. PRYOR.

Hon. John Minor Botts.

P. S.—By my friend, Mr. Banks.

RICHMOND Oct. 12 h, 1856.

SIR:—Your communication of yesterday was handed me last night, by your friend, Mr. Banks, of Petersburg, in which you make a peremptory demand for satisfaction, for what you allege to have been "wrong" and "insult" inflicted upon you, without stating in what that wrong and insult consisted. Such a demand, under the circumstances, would have occasioned infinite surprise, except that I had heard, from various sources, that, both in Washington and here, you and your friends had freely, and without reserve, announced such a determination on your part.

I might, with great propriety, have returned your note unanswered, on the ground that it contained an allusion to my son marked with such glaring indelicacy (to use no stronger term) under the circumstances that existed between you, as to deprive you of all claim to courtesy at my hands; but as I wish now to put an end to all communication between us for the future, I proceed to answer.

And first: Lest my silence might be construed into acquiescence, I emphatically denounce as unfounded any authority upon which you may have relied for the assertion that I had put him forward to resent insults offered to me. So far from it, I assumed the responsibility of withdrawing and suppressing the publication of his first card, which came accidentally to my knowledge after he had sent it to the press, and I remonstrated with him against his interference, and from the beginning have deeply regretted that he should have felt himself constrained, by the highest sense of obligation and duty to himself as well as to me, to adopt the course pursued. And this being disposed of—

In the second place: I disclaim any and all right on your part to make a demand for satisfaction from me, for anything I have said or done, which you may have chosen to apply to yourself, as, from first to last, I have acted only on the defensive, avoiding all personalities except where they had been first offered. That you have given me ample cause, if I had desired the opportunity, to demand satisfaction of you, is undeniable, but I can see no ground upon which you can demand it of me.

In the third place: Your life could not be the value of a pin's point to me, and I am sure I should derive no comfort from making your wife a widow or your children fatherless; therefore, I have no desire to take it; whilst my own life is not only of value to me, but indispensable to the support and happiness of my family, and I hope to make it useful to my country; therefore, I am not disposed to place it at your disposal.

In the fourth place: If I were to afford the opportunity you seek, the remarks upon me would be without end, as I could not consistently decline to indulge one and all of the editorial corps whose vitiated tastes might lead them to allow their political animosities to degenerate into personal squabbles and abuses; and there are at this moment some dozen or more already occupying that position in this state, to say nothing of those elsewhere.

In the fifth place: The disparity in our ages and positions in domestic life would relieve me of any obligation to meet you, unless I was sensible of having done you such wrong as could not be otherwise atoned for; and, in such case, believe me, I would permit no false pride to overcome my sense of propriety and the obligations of true courage, to prevent my making an acknowledgment; but, I repeat, that in this case the wrong was commenced and has been carried chiefly, if not entirely, on your side.

In the sixth place: My position has been already taken before the public, as must have been known to you, as I stated to whom I held myself responsible, and to whom I did not. And I certainly did not include the press. I have seen no reason to change that position, now that that responsibility has been already acknowledged in one instance within the last week.

In the seventh place: I am free to say the case must be a strong one, and of unquestionable claim, that would induce me to subject my family to the torture they have endured for the last ten days under a mere apprehension of what was then transpiring. I may have the right to trifle with my own life and happiness, but the right to sport with or sacrifice the happiness and health of a whole family, who have none other to look up to for their comfort or support, and that for a light and frivolous cause, is rather more questionable. This may be what is called braving public opinion, but they are sentiments I have long entertained, and therefore I have always been careful to avoid giving the first offence, and have borne with much that, under other circumstances, I should not. At a more youthful period of life, I might have been actuated by a less cultivated feeling.

In the eighth place: You have neither said, written, published nor thought anything of me that gives me one moment's disturbance, (whatever cause I may have to complain,) for the truth is, it has been carried so far as to lose its sting, and, therefore, I leave you to indulge your taste to your heart's content.

Finally: For these reasons, and without the least hesitation, I distinctly and unequivocally decline your invitation to the field, and thereby facilitate the accomplishment of an object apparently desired by many—of having it in their power to say that they have sent me a challenge which I refused to accept. And, as I have frequently been informed that there is a concerted movement among some of our political friends, to involve me in personal annoyances, I would be glad if the gentleman would consider their challenges as all delivered and declined, on the same ground and for the same reasons herein assigned, which I hope will prove satisfactory to all.

JOHN M. BOTTS.

GENERAL TODTLEBEN'S FATHER-IN-LAW—*How he Loses his Daughter.*—A letter from Moscow, published in the London Globe, says:—You perhaps know the pretty story about Todtleben's wife and father-in-law. The latter, a rich merchant, of the name of Hanf, did not much like his daughter's marriage with the young cadet of engineers. During the siege of Sebastopol, however, thick and fast came the tidings which blotted out the lieutenant, the captain, the colonel, and gave Hanf a General for a son-in-law. "Daughter, I love Todtleben for your sake," says the worthy merchant. Suddenly, Hanf himself was created a Baron by Nicholas, in consideration of the son-in law's services. The new noble forthwith had an inscription attached to the front of his dwelling, from which he removed his business (it had till then been carried on there); the inscription ran thus: "House of the Baron Hanf." One day two officers called at Todtleben's and asked, "Was Madame at home?" entering before the maid-servant knew what to reply. The wife happened to be coming down stairs at the moment; the officers bowed low, and one of them said: "Excuse our ... it is to beg you to tell your husband that I, ... Duke Constantine, and my brother, here, ... Duke Nicholas, could not leave the capital ... offering our respects and congratula- ... ." They then withdrew. When ... new heard this, said he: "Daughter, ... ill better for the sake of Todtleben."

FACT—TWO FREMONTS.—The Hon. ... Washington, states that there are ... ith both of whom he is acquainted.

... Fremont was Lieutenant in 3d Artil- ... ed July, 1841. Distinguished him- ... self at Palo Alto and Palma. In 1847 was appointed Assistant Quarter Master, with the rank of captain; and was, in 1849, appointed to the Staff. Subsequently resigned his commission, and now or lately resided in Smithville, North Carolina. While in Washington, was a frequent attendant at the Roman Catholic Church, and was, to outward appearance, a Catholic, though not a communicant. Would readily be taken as a Catholic by casual observers. He may have been a Catholic, notwithstanding. In personal appearance, much resembles Col. J. C. Fremont, and might be readily mistaken for him." *This Fremont* is said, by another authority, to now reside at Wilmington, N. C., and is occupied as Chief Engineer and superintendent of the Wilmington and Manchester Railroad.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 19—The Washington Union publishes a letter by authority of Capt. Fremont. It states that he is not and never has been a Catholic, did never was in a Catholic church in Washington, but always belonged to the Protestant Episcopal church. Also, that he in no way resembles Col. Fremont, but is tall, of lighter complexion, and much younger.

MELANCHOLY.—A lad named Carlos Bean, whilst ... raising a toy for exhibition at the New Hampshire Agricultural, New Hampshire, was instantly killed by a accident. One of the students snapped a ... knowing that it was loaded. The ... through young Bean's mouth, and the ... gh his breast, passing him to the wall. ... lad died shortly afterwards, making ... "You have killed me: send for ...

HOW "FRENCH BRANDIES" ARE MADE.—We have derived no little amusement from the perusal of a circular issued to liquor dealers throughout the country by a firm in New York, in which the important information is conveyed that they have been for many years "trying to improve all kinds of spirits from grain and turn them into a good imitation of French cognac; and that, after much labor and experiment, they have at last found an article to answer that purpose." They thus set forth the process of manufactury:

"By distillation and chemical operation we get at fourth proof an article in which the flavor is so much concentrated that, by mixing a gallon of it with 25 to 50 gallons of American pure spirits, it gives a good imitation of the different imported brands." One gallon of "an article" to produce from 25 to 50 gallons of imitation of the imported brands; to be bottled, labelled, set forth, and swallowed at one dime per *pony* glass, as an article "as such as you cannot get elsewhere in town." This article is called moirs of cognac, and, according to the circular, "may be had without color, or colored for pale or dark." "Dark, by all means;" "I prefer pale" "You can take which you please, gentlemen; but you are now aware of the manner in which both are prepared."

This enterprizing firm have also discovered an article which they call spirit of gin. They aver that a splendid imitation of Hol and gin can be produced by mixing one gallon of the spirits with forty gallons of pure spirits. In addition, they are constantly on hand a fine supply of "chemical coloring," by which the "dark" article of imitation brandy is produced.

The circular closes with a list of prices, which, if published, would astonish our citizens, many of whom, when imbibing these "imitations," which cost about sixty cents per gallon, are informed that "that brandy cost me $3 in New York."

With this information in their possession we should not wonder if henceforth there was a decided decline of confidence among brandy drinkers as well as among the imbibers of the less pretentious liquors, gin and rum.

A FREMONT POLE IN PORTSMOUTH, VA.—There was a great deal of political excitement in Portsmouth, Virginia, on Monday last. It appears that a Fremont pole and flag had been erected in the town, which caused much excitement, and a meeting of the Common Council was called, to take the matter into consideration. The meeting took place Monday night in the Town Hall, where Mr. J. H. Thompson, a Councilman, offered a resolution authorizing the Town Sergeant to request the parties who erected the pole to take it down; and if the request was not complied with, to take it down himself. Several citizens were present at the meeting, and one of them, Mr. J. G. Holliday, opposed the motion, and defended the right of the persons who raised the pole to do so. He was replied to by Mr. Crocker. The motion was adopted. The *Norfolk Argus* of Wednesday, from which we gather the above facts, then says:

"While Mr. Thompson was addressing the members of the Council, he was interrupted and insulted by George Butt, a bar-keeper, who was instrumental in raising the pole. This individual, on being called to order by the Mayor, became so riotous that his Honor called for the police. As they were not present, he ordered up a file of a volunteer company which was drilling near the hall. This being done, an attempt was made to put out the lights, but the rioters were stopped. They succeeded, however, in preventing Butt from being arrested, by crowding round him and pushing him out of the hall. Before Butt had escaped, however, some police officers arrived and seized him, but he tore himself away, leaving a large part of his coat with them. A friend of Butt's snapped a pistol at a police officer, and retreated. The Mayor detained a portion of two volunteer companies to guard the city, but fortunately, there was no use for their services, the excitement dying away after a little noisy demonstration around the pole. The next morning Butt was arrested.

"The pole was taken down on Wednesday, according to direction, without any further disorderly demonstration."

THE MISTRESS OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.—Amongst the gay equipages which may be seen flaunting through Strathpeffer at present is one containing a visitor of some celebrity—perhaps we should say notoriety. Tout fair lady, with the clear and beautiful English complexion, who is sitting in the carriage along with the smart-looking gentleman, has a history of her own: she is—or was—no less a personage than Miss Howard, the *ci devant* mistress and should-have-been wife of Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French. Her name is now changed to that of Mrs. Trelawney, and her companion, who is said to be allied to a noble English family, is her husband. The pair reside at a mansion house in the immediate vicinity of Strathpeffer, of which they have a lease for some years. *Days* have changed since the *rose* and special constable of London took a fancy to the clever and beautiful girl, who accompanied him to Paris, and who, according to report, acted as his "guide, philosopher, and friend," amidst the perilous chances of the premiership and the *coup d'etat*. The man about town is now an Emperor, a husband, and the father of a legitimate prince; whilst his former bosom companion is buried in this Highland solitude, separated from her children and all the splendors of the Tuileries. Louis Napoleon or Mrs. Trelawney—we wonder which is the happier of the two, or rather, might we not ask, which is the more miserable?—*Inverness Advertiser.*

VOLUNTARY RETURN OF A SLAVE.—Some time last winter, it will be remembered by most of our city readers, a family of free negroes, under the direction of Felix, the barber, left this place, with a view of settling in one of the North-western States. About the time the party were getting ready to start, a slave woman belonging to Mr. David Young, and sister to Felix, expressed a strong desire to go with her brother and to her and mother, who were also of the company. Her master, prompted by his well known kindness of heart, did not hesitate a moment, but cheerfully told her to go and be free, if she desired it. She did go, and the party located at Chicago, Ill., but on Friday night she arrived here safe and sound, having travelled alone all the way from Chicago, where she left the balance of her family. The woman is the wife of Guilford, the barber, to whom we are indebted for a graphic description of his profound astonishment upon waking up one night last week, and "findin' de old woman in de bed wid him." We have not seen her, but Guilford says she has seen enough of frost, snow, ice, and free negroes. We commend this case to the attention of Mrs. Stowe.—*Atlanta Intelligencer, Oct. 4.*

FROM CUBA.—We have advices from Havana to the afternoon of the 12 h inst., by which we learn that the second expedition now fitting out at Havana by Spain against Mexico, is for the enforcement of the payment of the claims due to Spanish subjects by that country, the previously circulated report about the satisfactory settlement of the same having turned out erroneous. This expedition it was said, would be a very formidable one.

We also learn, by this arrival, that the Spanish Government was about to send an army from Havana to St. Domingo, for the purpose of operating against the republican movements going forward in that country for the freedom of the Dominicans. Five thousand muskets had already been ordered to be sent to the Spanish Consul at St. Domingo.

PROFESSOR HEDRICK.—This gentleman, a Professor in the North Carolina State University, in answer to an anonymous communication in the Raleigh Standard, published a letter recently in favor of making Kansas a Free State, and also favoring Fremont. Whereupon the Faculty held a meeting, and adopted resolutions declaring his letter unwarranted by the usages of the institution, that the political opinions he expresses are not those of the rest of the faculty, and that while thus disclaiming sympathy with them they entertain none other than feelings of personal respect and kindness for Professor Hedrick, and sincerely regret the indiscretion into which he has fallen. They object to the introduction of partizan politics or sectarian religion into the University.

A ROYAL WEDDING.—The bridal arrangements and the magnificent trousseau of the bride, in view of the approaching marriage of the Princess Royal of England, at Berlin, attract so much attention that hundreds are actually going from London to witness them. There are six rooms filled with silks, satins, ribbons, velvets, costly lace, artificial flowers, exquisite embroideries in gold and silver, bonnets, caps, gowns, gloves, body and table linen, diamonds and jewelry, shawls, mantles, and toilet requisites of every description, color and material. Thirty persons have been engaged during several months on the embroidery, and one hundred and twenty needle-women have worked on the different articles.

DISMISSED.—The Rev. Charles Howard Malcolm has been dismissed from the pastoral office of the Baptist Church, in Wheeling, Va., upon the written charge brought against him, "in consequence of certain remarks in your Report to the Board, leaving to the belief that you intend to teach Abolition sentiments in connection with the pastorate of said Church," and for refusing "to promote the cause of Christ in harmony with Southern institutions." It is a little singular that Mr. Malcolm's father, the Rev. Dr. Malcolm, President of Lewisburg University, was exiled from Kentucky some years ago for being unfavorable to the "peculiar institution."

☞ Spare moments are like the gold dust of time. Of all the pursuits of our life, spare moments are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden of the soul.

COMPLIMENT TO MR. GOWEN.—A number of the most respectable citizens of Pittsburg recently offered a public dinner to Mr. James Gowen, of this city, President of the State Agricultural Society.—Mr. Gowen's want of time forbade his acceptance.

DANTE.—The secret in Dante's struggle through life was in the reckless extremes of his answer to the Priors of Verona, who asked him how he could account for the fact, that, in the household of princes, the stuff food was in greater favor than the paltry pear. "Similarity of mind," said the Italian gentle, "is all over the world the source of friendship;" and we suppose to the same cause may be attributed the fact, that every one, now a-days, procures their garments from the elegant store of Granville Stokes, No 209 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

From the Jersey City Telegraph.

WHAT IS IT FOR—THIS WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE—is a question asked daily by hundreds. We answer without hesitation or fear of contradiction, that it is the only article known which will do all it promises for the human hair. *It will restore the growth—it will stop the falling—it will restore its natural color!* It is not a Hair Dye, but a speedy and effectual Restorative.

O. J. WOOD & CO., Proprietors, 312 Broadway, N. Y.

Sold by all Druggists

TO THE POLLS! TO THE POLLS!—Freemen to the polls and exercise the dearest right of a citizen. If you are anxious in the performance of your duty, and have your clothes damaged, see anyhow, and then go quietly and get a new suit at the Brown Stone Cloth up Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER.—Send to Mr. Robert Sears No 181 William street, New York for a Descriptive Circular of his "PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE," the best and most saleable Book now published for Agents. sept 6-tf

TO SUFFERERS.

A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, No. 60 Fulton street, Brooklyn, New York. jal-tf

EPILEPTIC FITS are usually considered incurable, but that such is not the case is proven by the following certificate from a citizen of Danville, attested by a number of the most respectable gentlemen of that place. The Alterative has cured nearly every case of Epilepsy in which it has been used:

DANVILLE, Pa., July 5th, 1856.

DR. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia.

Gentlemen:—I take this method of testifying to the efficacy of your Alterative. For twenty-five years I was a sufferer from Rheumatism, during which time I took such large quantities of Laudanum that in the fall of 1853 I was attacked with Epileptic Fits, to cure which I made use of all the medicines that I saw recommended, and have been almost constantly under the treatment of the best Physicians, but all proved ineffectual, and scarcely afforded me any relief. *After the Fits commenced, my right arm became gradually PARALYZED. I lost the use of my arm and partially lost of my leg—my speech was so much affected that I could hardly articulate a word that could be understood.* In this condition, at the solicitation of a friend, I commenced using your Alterative last fall, and it affords me inexpressible pleasure to state that since that time I have not had a *single Fit*: the use of *my limbs has returned*, and *my speech being almost entirely restored*, my appetite is good, and I feel perfectly well in every way. I have taken about three dozen bottles of the Alterative, and a couple boxes of SANATIVE PILLS, and must say that I attribute my life to the fact of having used your medicines.

I consider your Alterative the best medicine in the world for Epileptic Fits, and would recommend all persons afflicted as I have been, to lose no time in procuring it.

Yours, truly, JOHN WARE.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Danville, being acquainted with the facts contained in the above statement, do testify that they are correct as therein set forth.

William Eichner,	C. R. Brown,
Geo S. Sanders,	C. W. Forrest,
James M. Jones,	Thomas Woods,

J. B. Moore.

The above mentioned articles are prepared only at 84 CHESTNUT St. ap21-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. James Cravas, to Miss Rachel M. Cliff, both of Bucks county.

At Hennyark, on the 7th instant, by the Rev. William Fulton, Mr. James V. Gutman, to Miss Amanda C Castleberry, both of Norristown.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. William Jackson, Jacob J. Jackson, son of the officiating clergyman, to Lizzie Kate, daughter of E B. Taylor, Esq. both of his city.

On the 8th of June, by the Rev. Clarke Louden, Mr. Henry Mollenkopf, to Miss Margaret Rankin, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Thomas Murphy, Mr. Isaac Jeff, M. D. of Dover, Del. to Mrs. Sarah V. Allen, of Philadelphia.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Black, Mr. James Montgomery, of Illinois, to Miss Margaret E. Leech, of Philadelphia.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Nathaniel D. Godfrey, to Miss Sarah A. Childs, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. William Strangel, to Miss Maria Smith.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. William T. Catto, Mr. Pierce Slack, of Philadelphia, to Miss Barbara A. Becket, of West Chester, Pa.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. John B. Dales, D. D. Rev. George Patton, of Seneca, N. York, to Miss Isabella McElroy, daughter of Mr. Robert McElroy, of this city.

On the 31st of August, by the Rev. Dr. Cole, Mr. Reuben J. Gorgas, to Miss Emma Sherman, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. George A. Durborow, Mr. James Davenport, of Camden county, N. J. to Miss Ann Scott, of this city.

On the 20th of June last, by the Rev Archibald P. Cobb, Mr. Francis Keller, to Miss Elizabeth Hotchinson, both of Philadelphia.

On the 7th of August, by the Rev. T. Church, Mr. James Burton, to Miss Mary Pearson, daughter of Saml. Smith, of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. Thomas McLemore, to Miss Sarah Rich, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. Rosanna Brasher, aged 81.

On the 14th instant, Josephine A. daughter of Wm. H. and Josephine Kehrum, aged 5 years.

On the 14th instant, Eddy, son of James M. and Margaret Cathers, aged 2 years and 8 months.

On the 14th instant, Winnifred, daughter of Henry and Margaret Kelly, aged 10 years.

On the 15th instant, Miss Magdalen Anderson, aged 61.

On the 15th instant, Sarah, wife of John Gwenty, aged 35.

On the 14th instant, Elizabeth H. daughter of Robert and Elizabeth Stuart, aged 2 years and 8 months.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. Sarah, wife of William McKinney aged 56 years.

On the 16th instant, Mary, daughter of James and Ellen Adamson, aged 20 years.

On the 14th instant, Mr. George W. Hemis, aged 34 years.

On the 15th instant, Mrs Margaret, wife of the late John Otto, aged 81 years.

On the 16th instant, Mrs Mary A. Robinson, aged 37.

On the 11th instant, William McIntyre, aged 39 years.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. Rachel Harbistra, wife of Geo I. Small, aged 21 years.

At Middletown, near New Castle, Del. Mr. Thomas D. Sheldon, aged about 60 years.

On the 16th instant, Mary, wife of William Marshall, aged 34 years.

On the 10th instant, Franklin P. son of Jacob D. and Mary Faunce aged 3 years and 2 months.

On the 13th instant, Mrs Sarah McClain, aged 58 years.

On the 12th instant, Sarah R. Paist, aged 23 years.

On the 13th instant, Philip A. son of Jos. A. and Elizabeth D Hallowell, aged 8 years and 8 months.

On the 12th instant, Mr. Silas Godfrey, aged 42 years.

On the 13th instant, Anna Fell, aged 75 years.

On the 11th instant, Mrs Rebecca S. Longhead, aged 54.

At his residence, in Bridgeton, N. J., Samuel Barker, aged 69 years.

On the 12th instant, Sarah, daughter of John and Sarah McBride, aged 15 years.

On the 13th instant, Mr. James Sydney, aged 56 years.

On the 12th instant, Elizabeth Kershner, aged 25 years.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. Mary Mahnkerbert, aged 77.

On the 12th instant, Kate Reeves, daughter of Dr. E. L. and Kate J. Carter, aged 5 years.

On the 13th instant, John, son of Wm. and Elizabeth McCormerly, aged 4 years and 10 months.

On the 13th instant, James Welsh, aged 40 years.

On the 12th instant, Lavinia Lawson, daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Guthe, aged 4 years and 3 months.

On the 11th instant, Capt. Washington W. Ware, aged 56.

On the 12th instant, John McMullen, aged 66 years.

On the 12th instant, Alfred, son of Geo. J. and Emeline Reinhart, aged 8 years.

On the 12th instant, Fanny, wife of David K. Lord, aged 39.

At Canton, Illinois, on the 18th ultimo, Mr. John H. Clifton, formerly of Philadelphia, aged 35 years.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. Mary A. Kemp.

On the 15th instant, Mr. Henry, son of Charlotte and the late Patrick Donahoe, aged 17 years.

On the 11th instant, William Ellet, son of Abraham and Elizabeth H. Armstrong, aged 2 years.

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.

This American invention stands unrivalled both in this country and in Europe. It is worn by 1,200 persons, and with most astonishing success. In competition with thirty other inventors of the best French, English, and German manufacture, it received the award of the GREAT MEDAL at the WORLD'S EXHIBITION IN LONDON, on the best artificial limb ever exhibited. In this country it has been the only limb exhibited, in competition with all others at the Annual Fairs in the principal cities, and has in every instance received the award of the highest or first premium, and as a crowning honor, by the unanimous approval of an international council, the "First Premium"—only Silver Medal given for Limbs—was awarded the inventor at the New York Crystal Palace.

Pamphlets, giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant.

B. FRANK PALMER,
274 Green st. above Fourth, Philadelphia.
oct11-1y

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 32 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, October 20, 1856.

PENNSYLVANIA.		**VIRGINIA.**	
Bank of Gettysburg	par to 1 dis	Bk of Virginia	¼ dis
Bank of Penna	¼ dis	Bk of Kanawha	10 dis
NEW JERSEY.		Exchange Bk Lynchburg	5 dis
Bank of Camden	par to ¼ dis	Farmers Bk Virginia	5 dis
Bank of Commerce	15 dis	Bank of Fredericksburg	10 dis
Bank of Hightstown	15 dis	Bank of Virginia	5 dis
Bank of Middletown	15 dis	Bank of Alexandria	10 dis
Bank of Newark	par	Bank of Norfolk	10 dis
Bank of Orange	15 dis	Bank of Old Dominion	10 dis
Bank of Phillipsburg	par	Bank of Richmond	10 dis
Bank of Somerville	15 dis	Bank of Virginia	10 dis
Bank of State of N. J.	par	Bank of Wheeling	10 dis
Belvidere Bank	par	Exchange Bk Norfolk	10 dis
Burlington Bank	par	Farmers Bk Virginia	10 dis
Camden Bank	par	Merchants Bk Richmond	10 dis
Cape May Bank	par	Northern Bk Virginia	10 dis
Commercial Bank	par	Northwestern Bk Va	10 dis
Cumberland Bank	par	Planters Bk Fredericksburg	10 dis
Eagle Bank	par	Southern Bk Virginia	10 dis
Farmers Bk Burlington	par	Valley Bk Virginia	10 dis
Farmers Bk Cumberland	par	Virginia Central Bk	10 dis
Farmers Bk Gloucester	par	Wheeling Bk	10 dis
Farmers Bk Mount Holly	par	Wheeling Exchange Bk	10 dis
Farmers Bk Salem	par	Wheeling Merchants Bk	10 dis
Farmers Bk Woodbury	par	**SOUTH CAROLINA.**	
Farmers Bk Trenton	par	Bank of Charleston	1 dis
Farmers Bk Flemington	par	Bank of Commerce	1 dis
Farmers Bk Bridgeton	par	Bank of Hamburg	1 dis
Farmers Bk Mount Holly	par	Bank of South Carolina	1 dis
Farmers Bk Newark	par	Bank of State of S. C.	1 dis
Farmers Bk Somerville	par	Commercial Bk Columbia	1 dis
Farmers Bk Trenton	par	Exchange Bk Columbia	1 dis
Farmers Bk Woodbury	par	Farmers Bk Camden	1 dis
Hightstown Bank	par	Farmers Bk Georgetown	1 dis
Mechanics Bk Trenton	par	Merchants Bk Charleston	1 dis
Merchants Bk Burlington	par	Planters Bk Georgetown	1 dis
Merchants Bk Newark	par	Southern Bk Georgetown	1 dis
Mount Holly Bank	par	Union Bk Charleston	1 dis
Newark Banking Co	par	**GEORGIA.**	
Orange Bank	par	Bank of Augusta	1 dis
Salem Bank	par	Bank of Brunswick	1 dis
Somerville Bank	par	Bank of Commerce	1 dis
State Bank at Camden	par	Bank of Darien	1 dis
State Bank at Newark	par	Bank of Georgia	1 dis
State Bank at Trenton	par	Bank of Macon	1 dis
Union Bank	par	Bank of Middlegeville	no sale
Warren Bank	par	Bank of Savannah	1 dis
Westfield Bank	par	Bank of State of Georgia	1 dis
DELAWARE.		Central R R & Bk Co	1 dis
Bank of Delaware	par	Exchange Bk Columbus	1 dis
Bank of Smyrna	par	Farmers Bk Georgia	1 dis
Farmers Bk Delaware	par	Marine & Fire Ins Bk	1 dis
Union Bk	par	Mechanics Bank Augusta	1 dis
MARYLAND.		Planters Bk Georgia	no sale
Bank of Baltimore	par	Planters Bk Savannah	1 dis
Bank of Commerce	par	Southern Bank	50 dis
Bank of Maryland	par	Western Bank	50 dis
Bank of Westminster	par	**ALABAMA.**	
Commercial & Farmers Bk	par	Bank of Mobile	1 dis
Eagle Bank	par	Other solvent banks	2 dis
Exchange Bk	par	**MISSISSIPPI.**	
Farmers Bk Maryland	par	All banks	uncertain
Farmers & Mech Bk	par	**LOUISIANA.**	
Frederick County Bk	par	Solvent banks	1 dis
Marine Bk	par	**OHIO.**	
Mechanics Bk	par	Solvent banks	1 dis
Merchants Bk	par	Bk of Circleville	½ dis
Union Bk	par	Canal Bk Cleveland	1 dis
Valley Bk Hagerstown	no sale	Clev Bk Columbus	1 dis
Western Bank	par	Commercial Bk Cincinnati	½ dis
Westminster Bank	par	Exchange Bk Cincinnati	½ dis
Wyoming Bank	par	Farmers Bk Ohio	1 dis
For Bk Maryland Co	1 dis	Lafayette Bk Cincinnati	½ dis
DIS OF COLUMBIA.		Ohio Life Ins & Trust Co	½ dis
Exchange Bk	20 dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
Solvent banks	1 dis	**INDIANA.**	
NEW YORK.		State Bk	1 dis
Bank of Ithaca	par to ¼ dis	Free banks	1 to 20 dis
Bank of Orange Co	1 dis	**ILLINOIS.**	
Bank of Rochester	15 dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
Bank of Commerce	15 dis	Quincy City Bk	10 dis
Bank of Troy	20 dis	Harrison Bk Decatur	5 dis
Bank of Utica	20 dis	**MISSOURI.**	
Bank of Whitehall	20 dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
Bank of Ogdensburg	15 dis	**TENNESSEE.**	
Bank of Poughkeepsie	20 dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
Bank of Rochester	20 dis	Small notes	25 dis
Bank of Syracuse	20 dis	**MICHIGAN.**	
Bank of Utica	20 dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
Bank of Whitehall	20 dis	**ARKANSAS.**	
Bk of Commerce	20 dis	All banks	no sale
Bk of Metropolis	20 dis	**WISCONSIN.**	
Bk of Niagara	20 dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
Bk of Orleans	20 dis	**TEXAS.**	
Bk of Salina	20 dis	Commercial Bk Galveston	10 dis
Bk of Utica	20 dis		
Bk of Whitehall	20 dis		
Bk of Ogdensburg	20 dis		
Bk of Poughkeepsie	20 dis		
Bk of Rochester	20 dis		
Bk of Syracuse	20 dis		
Bk of Utica	20 dis		
Bk of Whitehall	20 dis		
Bk of Ogdensburg	20 dis		
Bk of Poughkeepsie	20 dis		
Bk of Rochester	20 dis		
Bk of Syracuse	20 dis		
Bk of Utica	20 dis		
Bk of Whitehall	20 dis		

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 126 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market close dull:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
Loans.					
U S 6 pr ct			Reading	35½	40
" "	'62 110	—	" preferred	46½	48
" "	'67 113½	—	Minehill	61½	62½
" "	'68 117½	—	Har & Lan	59½	62
" "	'68 109½	—	Chester Valley	3	4
Phila 6 per ct new	86½	90	Tioga	30	—
" 5 " new	87	87½	" preferred	30	—
" 5 "	—	—	Long Island	13½	14½
Com City 6 per ct	88	95	**Canal Stocks.**		
Penna 6 per ct	74	75½	Schuyl Nav	18	19
" coupon	75	76½	" preferred	29½	30
All'gy city 6 per ct	69½	70	Lehigh Nav	49½	50
" coupon	69	70	Morris	54	55
Allegh R R 6's	90	95	" preferred	90	95
Penn	—	—	C & Del	—	—
" 5 "	74½	84½	Union	4	6
" coupon	80½	81	Sus & Tidewater	10	12
Penn 5 per ct	105	108	Wil'sport & Elmira	20½	21
" 5 "	98	98	Catawissa	13	14½
" " coupon	96	96	**Bank Stocks.**		
Kentucky 6 per ct	101½	102½	North Amer	106	107
Penn R R 6 per ct	96	100	Penna	111½	112
Ill Cent R R	84	85	Philada	120	121
Cin & St. L R 6 per ct	77½	81½	Bank N. Mun	97½	98
Ohio R R	54	56	Commercial	94½	95
Sand'y R R	20	22½	N Liberty	80	84½
"	90	91	Mechanics	81½	82½
"	90	92	Southwark	74	83
Phila & Erie R R	26	27	Kensington	41	43
P & Sun R	70	78	Commerce	87	90
Cin Wil R R	34	35	Kensington	87	90
Penn R R	96½	98½	Girard	12	12½
Penn W & Bal	—	—	Northern Liberty	63	—
" 10 R R 6 per ct	94	94½	Mech & Mecha	122	130
Long I R R "	72½	74	Commerce	72	73
Sch Nav "	71	71½	Tradesmen's	93	—
Lehigh Nav "	89½	90½	City	99	—
Penn "	100½	101	Consolidation	99½	99½
C & D Cl "	96	97	Pennsylvania	70	—
Mon & Tide "	63½	65½	M & M Phila	61	—
Union Canal	65½	65½	Ke'an Phila	95	—
Wil'sport & Elmira 1st mortgage	72	73½	Kensington	100	—
2d do	42½	53	Northern, Ky	118	116
Railroad Stocks.			Louisville, Ky	113½	115
Cam & Amboy	124½	125	Farmers' Ky	98½	—
Penna	49½	49½	Union, N'ish,

Wit and Humor.

HOW AN ASTROLOGER MISSED HIS FORTUNE.—An old French gentleman, named or nicknamed Monsieur Fricandeau, was arrested for an assault and battery on Herr Jacob Mitnacht, a German gentleman lately arrived in this city, who condescends to tell fortunes by astrological observations. The cause of the quarrel was thus related by Monsieur Fricandeau:

"I 'ave lose my leetle dog female Heloise; I hear Monsieur Mitnacht know something about everything, and I go to him and say—

"'Sare, I will give you von dollar if you will tell me my Heloise's fortune, and vare I find her.'

"'He say—Vat is dat Heloise? is she your wife?'

"'I say—No; but I lufe her much better dan six, seven wifes, or I would not give you von dollare for being her back.'

"'Den he say—'You must tell me ven Heloise was born, and I kalkelate her nativitee.'

"So I tell him all dat, and pay him ze dollar, and he make figure on me popier, and tell me Heloise vas gone off wid an autre man, and would come back nevare no more. And I ask him vat dat todee man would do wid Heloise, would he make sassage? He say no, he would marry her ven he get todee side of ze vallete.

"Den I laugh, bot haw I and tell him Heloise vas one dog female. So he got mad, and call me von French homebug, and say I vant to cheat him, and vy I not tell him sooner dat Heloise was not vun human.

"'I say—'Vy ze star no tell you dat? You 'ave got my dollare on ze false pretence, and I will give you ze law tout suite.'

"Den ve make ze fight, and he 'ave call ze watch, and zey have put me in ze dark cellare; and I 'ave done nothing for break ze law—only broke ze head of ze rascale star man vot sweat me."

It appeared that Monsieur Fricandeau had been sharply dealt with, and had suffered enough by the loss of his dollar and his night's imprisonment. So the astrologer's complaint was dismissed, and Mons. F. was set at liberty.—*Philadelphia Mercury.*

A "LIAR."—While working at the Clarendon printing office, a story was current among the men, and generally believed to be authentic, to the following effect: "Some of the gay young students of the university, who loved a practical joke, had made themselves sufficiently familiar with the manner in which the types are fixed in certain forms and laid on the press, and with the mode of opening such for corrections when required; and when the sheet containing the marriage service was about to be worked off, as finally corrected, they unlocked the form, took out a single letter, s, and substituted in its place k, thus converting the word *live* into *like*. The result was, that when the sheets were printed, that part of the service which rendered the bond irrevocable, was so changed as to make it easily dissolved, as the altered passage now read as follows: The minister asking the bridegroom—'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy state of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor her, and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall *like*?' To which the man shall answer, 'I will.' The same change was made in the question put to the bride. It was said the change was not discovered till all the sheets were printed off, and was then detected by the compositor who distributed the types. The whole of the sheets had accordingly to be cancelled; but the real culprits were never discovered till they left the university; and then, when they were beyond the authority of the proctors, they voluntarily confessed what they called their 'lark.'"—*Buckingham's Autobiography.*

A NEW USE FOR OLD BOOTS.—A correspondent of the *Charleston Courier*, writing from Saratoga, tells the following anecdote:—

At the great ball of the season, which came off at the United States Hotel, a millionaire widow of Boston, with Southern blood in her veins, and with several responsibilities at home, figured with, some say $10,000, and others $25,000 worth of jewelry on her richly attired person. Free and easy in her manners, and accustomed to accost any gentleman she pleases, whether introduced or not, and seeing one of the masculine gender of very elegant presence near her, with looks expressive of admiration of either herself or her costly apparel, she said to him—

"Don't you admire this brooch?" pointing to the rich jewel which adorned her bust.

"Yes," he replied, "I admire it much and still more the wearer."

"Don't you think," said she, "that I am an adventurous person to travel, unattended as I am, with $20,000 in jewels about my person, or in my possession?"

The gentleman assented, and she added—

"I'll tell you how I manage it. When I go to bed at night, I put dear old dead D——n's boots outside of my chamber door, and they protect me from robbery and intrusion."

IMPRESSIVE ELOCUTION.—The Methodist Preacher (printed in Baltimore), tells the following anecdote of a well-known preacher:

The Rev. Joseph Varden, a few evenings ago, arose in a congregation in this city to deliver an exhortation. He commenced by asking—"How old are you?" Having asked the question, he paused a moment, and with increased earnestness repeated it—"How old are you?"

An elderly lady in the congregation, supposing that, as the eye of the speaker was fixed on her, the interrogation was personal, hesitated a moment, and then responded—

"Really, sir, I cannot tell you exactly *how old* I am."

The preacher was well nigh thrown off his balance, but he proceeded to enforce the importance of his theme—the necessity of preparation for death and judgment. So much for impressive delivery.

DEFINITION OF A HUSBAND.—The English language is a very copious one! If we had not been previously aware of the fact, it would have been made evident to our understanding by reading the following paragraph in a Scotch paper:

"What is a husband?"

Hear a lady's definition:—

"He is," said she, "a snarling, crusty, sullen, testy, forward, cross, gruffy, moody, crabbed, snappish, tart, sclmeetic, surly, dry, brutish, fierce, morose, waspish, currish, boorish, fretful, peevish, bufflish, sulky, touchy, tractious, rugged, blustering, captious, lifnatured, rusty, churlish, growling, maundering, upish, stern, gatish, frumpish, humorsome, envious dog in the manger, who neither eats himself nor lets others eat."

POST HOLES FOR SALE.—Mr. Van Epps in making an excavation on the corner of Main and St. Paul Street, Rochester, for the purpose of putting in a grate. The "Admiral," seeking information, interrogated one of the laborers, with the following result:—

Admiral—"I say, old boy, what are you digging there?"

Old Boy—"A big hole, sir."

Admiral—"What are you going to do with the hole?"

Old Boy—"When we get the hole done, sir, we are going to cut it up into post holes, and retail them out to the farmers."

The Admiral acknowledged himself "sold."

☞ Some great genius has discovered that the centre of gravity is in a Quaker meeting.

A PRECOCIOUS CHILD.—A few days since, a juvenile offender was taken before one of the Glasgow bailies, who, after reading a lecture to the lad, put the following interrogatory:

"Where did you learn so much wickedness?"

The youth, personifying innocence, with an inquiring look, replied:—

"Do you ken the pump-well in Glassford street?"

"No," said the bailie.

"Weel, then, do you ken the pump-well in the Briggate?"

"Oh, yes," answered the man in office, quickly.

"Weel, then," rejoined the accused, "ye may gang there and pump as long as ye like, for I'm hanged if ye pump me."

☞ A sprightly young belle, who was an admirer of poetry, would often tease her beau to write verses for her, as he had made some acquaintance with the muses. One day, becoming quite importunate, she would take no denial. "Come, pray, do now write some poetry for me, won't you? I'll help you out. I'll furnish you with rhymes, if you will make lines for them. Here now—

please,	mate,
tease,	hate."

He, at length, good-humoredly complied, and filled up the measure as follows:

"To a form that is faultless, a face which must—please,
Is added a position desire just to—tease;
Oh! how my heart fain I show it ever be—mine,
Could I but believe she'd be mine of my beau!"

☞ A gentleman repeated the following beautiful thought in the presence of a young lady, who was the personification of the sentiment expressed:—

YOUNG WOMANHOOD

"The sweet moon on the horizon's verge—a thought matured but not uttered—a conception warm and glowing, not yet embodied—the rich hale which precedes the rising sun—the rosy dawn that bespeaks the ripening peach—

"'A flower which is not quite a flower,
Yet is no more a bud.'"

"Or, rather," replied the young lady, "as my mother says of me,

"'A girl that is too young for beaux,
And yet too old to play hoop.'"

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.—Some time ago a fellow was charged in the Glasgow Police Court with stealing a herring barrel from a person in Stockwell street. After the charge had been proved, the principal accuser addressed the magistrate:—"I Deed, Sir Baillie, the man at the bar is a great rogue; the stealing of the barrel is nacthing to some of his tricks. He stole my sign board last week, and what does your honor think he did wi't?" Magistrate.—"That would be hard for me to say." "Weel, sir, I'll tell ye. He brought it into me own shop, wi' my ain' name on't, and offered to sell me't, and he said he thought it would be mair use to me than onybody else."

FLUNKEYANA.—*Flunkey.*—"I beg your pardon, sir, but there is one thing I should like to mention at once. I am afraid—a—that I am expected to clean the boots." *Gentleman.*—"Bless me! Oh dear no! There must be some mistake; I always clean them myself—and if you will leave your shoes outside the door, I will give them a polish at the same time."

Useful Receipts.

RECEIPT FOR MARKING INK.—1. Take three ounces of best galls and a quarter of an ounce of cloves, bruise to a coarse powder, and boil over a slow fire, in a pint of water, for a few hours, stirring frequently; then set aside in a covered vessel till cold; then strain, and supply the place of the water lost by evaporation till it measures one pint. 2. Now dissolve one ounce and one drachm of the best copperas in half pint of water and strain; then dissolve five drachms of gum arabic in half pint of water, and add to the copperas solution, an *half pint of good cider vinegar*. Now mix 1 and 2, and add one ounce of liquid blue. Use soft water. Let your *ink* be exposed to the air, and you will have a black ink.

TO MAKE PRIME VINEGAR.—Mix one quart of molasses, three gallons of rain-water, and one pint of yeast. Let it ferment and stand four weeks, and you will have the best of vinegar.

HOW TO PICKLE CUCUMBERS.—I saw in your paper a week or two since, an inquiry as to the best mode of pickling cucumbers. I have used the following for several years, and think it the best of recipes:—

Make a brine by putting one pint of rock salt into a pail of boiling water, and pour it over the cucumbers, cover tight, to keep in the steam, and let them remain all night and part of a day; make a second brine as above, and let them remain in it the same length of time; then scald and skim the brine, as it will answer for the third brine, and let them remain in it as above; then rinse and wipe them dry, and add boiling hot vinegar, throw in a lump of alum as large as an *oilnut* to *every* pail of pickles, and you will have a fine, hard, and *green* pickle. Add spices, if you like, and keep the pickles under the *vinegar*. A brick on the top of the cover which keeps the pickles under has a tendency to collect the scum to itself, which may arise.—*Correspondent of N. E. Farmer.*

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—One buckwheat cake "differeth from another in glory," yet not one in a thousand is made right. Yet, of all things, it is the easiest to cook, if the meal is made *rightly*. To every three bushels of buckwheat, add one of good heavy oats; grind them together as if they were only buckwheat; thus you will have cakes always light and always brown, to say nothing of the greater digestibility, and the lightening of spirits, which are equally certain. He who feeds on buckwheat may be grum and lethargic; while he of the oat meal will have exhilaration of the brain and contentment of the spirit.

TO KILL WEEDS.—Take one pound flour of sulphur and ten of quick-lime, boil them in an iron vessel with water, let the liquor settle, draw off the clear part, dilute it according to circumstances, and with it water alleys and pavements where weeds are growing. They will not reappear for several years after this treatment, which is successfully practised in Europe.

APPLE MARMALADE.—To make apple marmalade, boil some apples with the peel off them until they are perfectly soft, which may be known by pressing them between the thumb and fingers. Then remove them from the fire, and throw them into cold water; pare them, place them on a sieve and press the pulp from the cores. The pulp which has passed through a sieve place in a stew-pan, and set the pan on the fire long enough to remove the moisture, so that the pulp may become rather thick. Take an equal quantity, in weight, of lump sugar as of pulp. Clarify the sugar, and boil it to a good syrup; add the pulp to it, and stir them well together with a good spatula, or wooden spoon. Place them on a fire, and as soon as they begin to boil, remove them, the process is completed. When the marmalade has become a little cool, put it into pots; but do not cover the pots until it is quite cool.

THE BEST ICE CREAM.—Our best confectioners, in making their creams, use about eight ounces of loaf sugar to every quart of cream. To flavor 6 quarts of cream with vanilla, requires a bean and a half, boiled in a little milk. If with lemon, the outer rinds of three lemons should be grated very fine, or six drops of oil of lemon for every four quarts of cream. Four quarts of good cream will make seven quarts of ice cream, if well beaten; while thin, milky cream will increase but little, and never become perfectly smooth. The ice should be fine, and put in the freezer with alternate layers of salt—say about two quarts of salt to an eight quart freezer—the ice and salt as they work down to be filled up.

Agricultural.

AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY.

FROM DICKENS'S HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

The progress of population in a civilized state creates, and at the same time extinguishes, institutions, and manufactures. Thus, in the fens of Lincolnshire, fishers and fowlers, boats, leaping poles, stilts, nets, coleyards, and all the paraphernalia of decoys, have disappeared before drains, wind pumps, steam pumps, ploughs, harrows, drills, and corn-crops, which have taken the place of swamps, lakes, wild-fowl, and fish. The wooden spoons and bowls, once the chief furnishing of a farmer's kitchen, are superseded by pewter and tin and Britannia metal, from Birmingham or Wolverhampton. The art of the falconer, and the skill of the long bow maker have vanished before gunpowder and the double-barrel. Almost all the ancient emblems of agriculture are in course of being superseded. We have, before us, a popular print of the series of operations that precede the mill and the baker's loaf; and we had the other day, in Essex, at a meeting called to award the reaping-machine prizes of the Royal Agricultural Society, an opportunity of seeing the most modern system of ploughing, sowing, mowing, threshing, and grinding. The contrast between the artistic an ancient, and the real and modern systems, was not a little curious.

In the picture, the sower, a stout swain, with a sheet fastened over his shoulder, and shaped into a huge pocket before him, dexterously flings the seed broadcast in a semi-circle around him; the reaper, with his hook, bends to his task; the thresher flourishes his flail—the flail itself being an improvement that has not yet superseded the hoof of the ox and the horse, in Eastern Europe. The plough is a short wooden instrument, with stilts fixed at an acute angle, held down by main force, and drawn by a string of horses, under the care of a long whip in the hands of a short plough-boy. All these arts and implements are doomed; have, indeed, already disappeared, or have been—in the best farms and counties—so far improved as to be scarcely recognizable. They have disappeared, not under the influence of inventive talent; not because, as in manufacturers' improved machinery, it produces a better article, for it is not so (the grain sown without care by the Spanish, Wallachian, or Russian peasant, grows up plumper and finer than the best farmer's best crop in Essex—the first of England's corn growing counties); but because the progress of demand for produce, and the decrease of the supply of rural labor, compels the farmer to adopt the mechanical means which economise labor, and ensure the most rapid and effectual execution of the work; rendering him more independent of those bands of harvest supernumeries, on whom, while labor was superabundant, he was accustomed to depend.

To begin with the modern iron plough, with its long lever handles, long, flowing, concave share and pair of wheels—although heavier in dead weight than the old plough, it slips through the earth with less than half horse-power applied, and, when once properly set, can be guided by a boy; in fact, it almost travels alone. Just as the swiftness of a ship depends, so do the efficiency and facility of draught of a good plough depend on its form. The pair-horse abreast was the wise fashion in Flanders, in Normandy, and in Scotland, half a century before it became common in England. There are counties where, as in Sussex, a long file of horses still drag their slow length along. The wheels which are so great an improvement to the plough, are an invention not unknown to the Romans, and were used in England centuries ago; yet, while in the high-farmed English estates nothing else is to be found, in Scotland they make their way but by degrees. The shape of the ploughshare (on which the draught and work depend) was a matter of fancy and rule in every parish, until mechanical science was applied by the Ransomes of Ipswich and Howard of Bedford to discover the sort of plough which should cut and move the soil with the least labor. The success of the application of science and practice to iron ploughs was shown triumphantly in Paris, in 1855. One of the heaviest English-wheeled ploughs was drawn easily by the smallest French horse in the field, cutting a straight even furrow; while the same horse, applied to one of the lightest foreign ploughs, stopped short after a very short, zig-zaggy course. But, the best ploughshare had not driven the old one out of the market in 1856; and now, behold, the Steam Cultivator looming in the horizon of invention like a faint streak on the sea that tells us of a coming steamer! The prize ploughs only economize two or three horses per plough; the Steam Cultivator, whenever it becomes a reality, whenever it advances from the position of an expensive curiosity to an economical agricultural machine, will more than half empty the farmer's stable, relieving him of a dozen or so of fat, sleek, but indispensable devourers of profits. Not that there are many farmers who will be able to endure the expense of a Steam Cultivator for their own special use; but we shall have the itinerant principle extended. At present, we meet formidable processions of gay-colored machinery on rural highways and byways—of threshing machines and their steam-engines, drills, and harrows, to be hired by the day, the quarter of corn, or the acre. On the same errand we shall soon see reaping-machines travelling about, following the sun, from the warmest and dryest to the coldest and wettest harvest, under charge of an ingenious blacksmith and boy—superseding the ragged sickle-bearing armies of Irish, who are now better employed at home on unencumbered estates, or in America, taking the rough edge off backwoods and prairies.

Seed-drills are a very ancient invention: but the last ten years of guano, superphosphate, the other costly portable manures, have made them so common, that it is difficult now to find a broadcast sower; and, in another ten years, manual broad-casting will be one of the extinct agricultural performances: already for economising manures and killing off the fly on turnips by a sprinkling of salt or guano, we have a demand for broad-casting machines. Thus, then, the artist intending to symbolise agriculture, must alter his plough, and find some substitutes for his sower, and his thresher, and his reaper.

The story of the reaping machine, usefully illustrates the peculiar difficulties that attend the application of mechanical improvements to agricultural machinery.

According to a Roman writer on Agriculture, the Gauls reaped by a machine which, pushed before an ox, cut off the heads of corn, and dropped them into a box. Between the latter end of the last century, and the first twenty-five years of this (a period singularly rife with mechanical inventions), some dozens of patents were taken out for reaping by machinery; but not one was practically useful. In eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, the Reverend Patrick Bell, son of a farmer, and at that time a student for the Scotch ministry, determined to invent a reaping machine. He had thought of the subject for years, and had, when a boy, seen a print of such a machine constructed by Smith of Deaneton; which, by the-way, was ingenious, but useless.

One evening, after tea, while walking in his father's garden, his eye was attracted by a pair of gardener's shears sticking in the hedge; he took hold of them, and began to cut the twigs of the blackthorn—perhaps idly, for want of thought; but, while so engaged, it struck him that this was the principle that might be applied to cutting corn. At the present day, when Bell's machine stands at the top of the prize list, it is curious to find that the very motion that suggested his whole invention has been totally abandoned. After much consideration, he constructed a model, and then prepared a machine on a large scale. In order to keep the secret, he made patterns in wood of every part that required to be made of metal; these he sent, piece by piece, separately, as he required them, to the blacksmith, with instructions to make nothing of iron, or steel, as like that as possible. When he received them back, he filed, ground or otherwise finished them with his own hands, and, at length, was able to put the whole together. His first experiment was made in a long, narrow, empty outhouse. Into this outhouse, when every one was away on the farm, he conveyed with a wheelbarrow as much earth as covered the floor to the depth of six inches, and pressed it down with his feet, then drew a sheaf of oats from the barn-yard, and planted its stubbly stalk in the mould. He then shut and barred the door; and, putting himself in the horse's place, pushed the machine through the artificial crop. On arriving at the end of the shed, the young student found the crop all cut, but lying higgledy piggledy. A distributor was required.

The signs of the artificial harvest were cleared away; and after many trials, he invented a canvass sheet, stretched on rollers, something on the same principle as the tapes which deliver the sheets on a steam printing machine, which delivered the cut corn in a regular swathe. He next devised the well-known reel for collecting the corn against the cutter. The whole machine was ready for work in the summer of eighteen hundred and twenty-eight, and the harvest-time was impatiently expected. Before the corn was perfectly ripe, about eleven o'clock at night, when every woman and child was safe in bed, the machine was drawn from its place of concealment, harnessed to the good horse Jock, and the young student, with his brother, a future farmer, made their way to a field of wheat, talking in whispers. The first experiment was successful. After a few more private trials, the machine was exhibited before a party of farmers, on the farm of Pourie, near Dundee. A copy of the original invention was made at a foundry at Dundee, exhibited before the Highland Society in the same year at Glasgow, and received a prize of fifty pounds; although, from imperfect fitting, it would not work, and some eighteen machines, made by different hands, without the inventor's supervision, equally failed.

The late Lord Panmure volunteered to advance the cost of a patent, but Mr. Bell declined the kind offer: not being desirous, as he stated, of retaining any exclusive rights over an agricultural improvement. The probability is, that if he had patented his reaping machine, it would have been brought to perfection, and into notice many years earlier; for inventions open to every one are, like common ground unfenced, not always considered worth cultivating. But the time had not come for such an agricultural machine; unskilled labor was too cheap; and, if such a machine had been ordered, there was no class of implement makers able to supply it. It is only on a large scale that such implements can be profitably manufactured.

From that time, the invention slept and was forgotten, although one machine was preserved, and was occasionally worked at Inchmichael by Mr. Bell, the farmer, and a complete description of it, with drawings, was inserted in Loudon's Magazine of Agriculture, in 1830, and afterwards in his Encyclopædia. But, for twenty subsequent years, the question was, not how to supersede, but how to employ the labor which the late war, the English poor-laws, and Irish rack-rented potato-gardens had created. The labor-saving reaping-machine was not wanted, and remained unknown to all but the curious, until 1851 brought round general prosperity, and the Exhibition in Hyde Parke. Of course, among the competing nations were the United States men, with an immense space, very imperfectly filled with discordant violin-pianos, Excelsior bedsteads, artificial legs, false teeth, chewing tobacco for the Duke of Wellington, India-rubber in all manner of forms, photographs, rocking-chairs, and M'Cormick's reaping-machine. That reaping-machine was one of the greatest successes of the whole exhibition. The sensation it created among the poverty-stricken collection from one of the most wealthiest and most ingenious countries in the world, was immense; very soon it was flanked by another implement on a different plan by another American, Gideon Hussey; and our farmers learned to their astonishment that these same machines had been in use in America for fifteen years, and were sold by thousands. The newspaper sensation woke up our Scotch friends, and the original Bell was disinterred. Trials followed, in which the Scotch minister's invention was not worsted.

In 1853, Mr. Crosskill, who had purchased from Mr. Bell, the farmer, his machine, and the right to use his name, won the gold medal of the Yorkshire Agricultural Society, and presented it to the inventor, Patrick Bell—his first reward after fifteen years.

Mr. Bell fancies, very naturally, that pirated or oral accounts of his reaper originated the American invention. This may or may not be; but it is unlikely that M'Cormick did copy Bell, as his machine is so different as to have the merit of originality. His cutting action was a tooth-edged knife, instead of shears, and it has since been adopted by Crosskill. Hussey's also differs from M'Cormick's. The probability is, that in the United States, as elsewhere, necessity was the mother of invention; that the farmers, having no travelling Irishmen to depend on, were driven to their wit's end, to cut a crop that grew and ripened with no aid from skill, and very little care, on a virgin soil, under a burning sun. If Hussey or M'Cormick heard that a reaping machine had been invented in Scotland, that information would be enough to set them to work.

In June, eighteen hundred and thirty-four, we find letters patent granted to Angus H. McCormick, for improvements in the reaping-machines; Abraham Randall and Obed Hussey having each taken out patents for the same object in eighteen hundred and thirty-three. From that time reaping-machines became a regular subject of improvement and manufacture in the United States; until, in eighteen hundred and fifty, the sales had amounted to upwards of twelve hundred of one patent only; and the renewal of McCormick's patent became the subject of a serious opposition and remonstrance, on the ground that it was not an original invention. Yet, so ignorant were Englishmen still of the progress of machine reaping, that, in South Australia—where, also, the want of harvest labor was felt in a manner unknown in the mother country—a third kind of machine was invented, which clipped off the ears, and threshed them out at the same time, by the moving power of a horse pushing behind, as in Bell's machine; leaving the straw, (valueless there) to be burned off.

In eighteen hundred and fifty-one our farmers were beginning—not exceptionally, but as a class—to feel the want of the rapid and certain aid of machinery in agriculture. Scotch nationality helped not a little; but there were many difficulties to be conquered. English crops are heavier, and straw is more valuable, than in the United States; and we must add that our ordinary farm laborers are not so handy in repairing, or so willing to use, mechanical inventions, as the States men. Landlords, as usual, came forward and purchased; the machine-reapers' agricultural societies gave prizes; English tenant-farmers hung back, not without good reason, as, for want of attention to mechanical details or workmanship, many machines were thrown aside as unworkable after one harvest.

But the time had come when the assistance of machine aid in the harvest was required, and a large capital of money and mechanical skill was thrown into the subject. The results were shown in the Royal Agricultural trials of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, at Bosted Lodge, Essex, when the verdict of a large body of tenant farmers settled that the heaviest crops could be most economically cut by the machine reaper, and the laborers whom a series of years have accustomed to the advantages of machinery, applauded the conclusion of their employers. On this occasion the machines cut at the rate of about three acres in four hours, in wheat fields bearing crops of about forty bushels to the acre, or more than double the average of American crops. The first prize was given to Crosskill's patent improvements of Bell's Reaper; the second was divided between Messrs. Burgess', McCormick and Dray's Hussey.

Experience, and the heavy work of English crops, have brought about a number of improvements in the details of these machines, which now work on day after day without any serious derangement; each doing the work of from twenty-five to thirty mowers, and employing from thirty to forty binders to follow in their track. But the money-saving is a secondary advantage in the use of agricultural machines. The chief advantage lies in the greater certainty and regularity which it ensures in all the operations of the farm. The next important point is the necessity of raising every farm operation to the same standard of excellence.

Thus, for instance, Boxted Lodge is an estate; the property is cultivated by one of the most intelligent members of the council of the Royal Agricultural Society, and has long been under high farming—highly manured, perfectly clear of weeds, with a large breed of live-stock, and the best useful machinery of the day. The reaping-machines had the advantage of level, thoroughly-drained fields, of regular form, none of less extent than twenty-five acres, some of fifty acres, with close, straight fences, and crops clear of weeds. It would be no economy to use a reaping machine in a series of three-acre Devonshire fields, of a cocked-hat shape, where weeds and flowers make five-and-twenty per cent. of the crop: because, between time lost in turning round and round, and waste of power in cutting weeds, the machine would cost more than hand-labor. Hence, the progress of agricultural machinery offers a premium in favor of clean cultivation, large square fields, and the ample crops that can only be had through a liberal application of drilled manures.

With a machine-reaper the farmer can begin to cut as soon as any part of his crop is ripe, because the machine does not eat or ask wages when not at work, as extra travelling shearers or mowers do; he can depend more on his own regularly employed servants, and can make long hours, with an extra pair or two of horses, if the weather threaten. Supposing a hundred or more acres reduced to stubble, and the corn stacked. According to the modern rapid system, the ground is ploughed at once, and not allowed to grow weeds for two or three months; if needful, seed for turnips or rape may be, as at Boxted, put in at once by a horse drawn drill and machine broad-caster, which put in the seeds for each crop, with the manure, at one operation—a feat which no amount of hand labor could have effected in the same space of time. When we come to sowing corn, the use of manchinery is still more important, not only from mere saving of the time when a week's rain might peril a future harvest; but from the regularity of quantity in seed and in manure—a little more or less per acre exactly measured, according to soil and season. Without the drill, thousands of acres in a showery season would remain altogether unsown, because hand-labor could never get through the work in time. Again, instead of a general muster, to thresh out in a hurry with the flail, the steam engine, with its steady speed, does the work when wanted, without waiting for rainy days, idle hands, and an empty barn. At Boxted Lodge, by way of a practical lesson, Mr. Fisher Hobbes had the same field reaped, ploughed and sown in the same day; and had part of the wheat thus reaped, threshed out, ground into flour by steam power, and made into bread for his dinner party; thus exhibiting a specimen of the system of continuous machine work to which the best agriculturists are coming.

What we still need, is, an economical steam cultivator, which will work from light to dark, and even after dark, with lamps, if necessary, to take advantage of short and doubtful seasons, superseding the slow plough, as the machine drill has superseded the broadcast sower. That invention is coming, and then the circle of machine cultivation will be nearly complete.

Yet, after all, we must not forget that agricultural results have their bounds; we cannot invent a sun, or improve our national seasons. There is a well-defined limit to the growth of corn; it cannot be rolled out by the yard or the bushel; the utmost we can do is to use up every hour of farming weather, and to waste no land or manures on weeds.

BEES.—Bees are sometimes united without destroying either of the queens; but as every cause of irritation should be avoided, it is safest to remove the queen of the intruding bees. As to the result of introducing a stranger queen into a hive, Huber made many experiments; in some instances the stranger was smothered, in others she was permitted to encounter the reigning queen, and the rivals contended for the sovereignty by royal duel, in the same manner as the succession to the throne is contested when there is a plurality of princesses. Such a manner of proceeding, however, appears at variance with the loyalty and devotion of the bees towards a queen, once acknowledged as such. Being desirous of testing their fidelity, I introduced a queen into the centre of an observatory hive, which contained a fertile queen. The moment the stranger entered she was seized, surrounded by a crowd of furious foes, and retained prisoner till she died. She was probably suffocated, but not without offering a desperate resistance, as many of her assailants fell around, evidently stung to death. This scene lasted three hours and a half, during which time the queen of the hive pursued her ordinary avocations with perfect composure, but the closing act was very remarkable. When the stranger became lifeless, the bees allowed her to drop to the floor, and no doubt other bees, finding her no longer imprisoned, trembled for the safety of their sovereign, for she was instantly surrounded by a dense mass of bees, and retained in the midst of her faithful guards till the removal of her rival from the hive assured all of her safety. As the perfuming the bees with smoke destroys the power of recognition among the workers, it is possible the effect on the queen may be similar, and that her own subjects might not have power to identify her or a strange queen; but this is a nice point which it would be extremely interesting to solve, and the experiment would not be a difficult one, the queens having been previously marked.—*Cor. Gardener's Chronicle.*

THE POP GUN PLANT.—In the mountains of Brazil there is a hot-house plant, Filex Callitrichoides, of tender, brittle and juicy aspect, which looks as if it would be good to eat in a cooling salad, but which is really of so explosive a temperament that it might fairly be called the pistol plant. When near flowering, and with its tiny buds ready to open, if the plant is either dipped in water, or abundantly watered, each bud will explode successively, keeping up a mimic Sebastopolitan bombardment, sending forth a puff of gunpowder smoke—or a little cloud of dusty pollen—as its stamens suddenly start forth to take their place and form a cross. It is an amusing toy, which produces a plentiful crop of pop guns.

☞ A man of an exceedingly contracted mind, was one day complaining to an acquaintance that he had a very acute pain,—a little, sharp pain, not bigger, seemingly, than the point of a pin. "It's amazing strange," he continued, "don't you think it is?—What do you suppose is the cause of it?" "Why, really, I don't know," replied the other, "what part of you should be liable to so very minute a pain, unless it be your soul."

☞ The cocoa tree furnishes the Indian with bread, water, wine, vinegar, milk, honey and sugar. And from its leaves, branches, and the shells and husks of the fruit, they obtain thread, clothes, vases, cups, baskets, paper, boat sails, and ropes.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 33, 12, 14, 19, 5, 23, 24, 35, 8, 5, is a town in Maine.
My 3, 26, 28, 36, 17, 7, 18, is a town in Massachusetts.
My 1, 36, 34, 15, is a town in Vermont.
My 23, 27, 33, 6, 11, 14, is a town in New Hampshire.
My 29, 35, 10, 21, 10, 24, 28, is a town in New York.
My 23, 9, 10, 4, 12, 8, 24, 19, is a town in New Jersey.
My 17, 36, 18, 21, 28, 31, is a town in Maryland.
My 30, 7, 36, 30, 24, is a town in Virginia.
My 37, 31, 5, 25, 28, 24, 26, is a town in North Carolina.
My 3, 36, 19, 22, 5, 37, 24, 25, is a town in South Carolina.
My 5, 6, 8, 18, 30, 35, 8, 5, 34, 35, 18, is a town in Georgia.
My 32, 16, 31, 18, 17, 31, is a town in Alabama.
My 11, 28, 36, 24, 19, is a town in Mississippi.
My 9, 32, 8, 24, 26, 21, 18, is a town in Arkansas.
My 8, 20, 13, 10, 4, 18, is a town in Indiana.
My 18, 2, 8, 4, 22, 24, 25, 37, is a town in Ohio.
My 33, 34, 32, 8, 18, 30, 6, is a county in Missouri.
My 7, 20, 25, 22, 36, 21, 20, 3, is a county in Illinois.
My 3, 7, 35, 26, 8, is a county in Kentucky.
My 3, 12, 13, 13, 23, is a county in Tennessee.
My 6, 3, 26, 1, 30, 25, 22, 29, is a county in Michigan.
My 12, 4, 3, 24, 19, 20, 21, is a county in Wisconsin.
My whole is what everybody should do.

St. Louis. A. B. PHILIBERT.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 1, 18, 13, 21, 7, 13, 3, 3 is a city in Sardinia.
My 2, 7, 11, 21, 25, is a city in France.
My 3, 4, 13, 21, 23, is a country in Europe.
My 4, 10, 9, 17, 7, 3, 14, is a city in the United States.
My 5, 10, 21, 16, 20, 10, is a town in Ohio.
My 6, 18, 6, 24, 13, 14, 13, 6, is a city in Afghanistan.
My 7, 21, 3, 13, 22, 19, is a lake in Russia.
My 8, 3, 1, 25, is a city in Italy.
My 9, 14, 16, 7, 16, 11, is a city in France.
My 10, 24, 22, 13, 18, is a lake in Russia.
My 11, 13, 3, 13, 10, 4, is a city in Farther India.
My 12, 14, 23, 6, 3, is a city in Belgium.
My 13, 3, 4, 10, 18, 18, is a city in Denmark.
My 14, 10, 16, 26, 12, 6, 14, 10, 17, is a city in the Chinese Empire.
My 15, 22, 1, 8, 13, is a city in Arabia.
My 16, 19, 12, 21, 13, 4, 20, is a country in Europe.
My 17, 7, 24, 3, 3, is a city in Turkey.
My 18, 26, 14, 13, 3, 5, 6, 10, 8, 14, 26, 4, is a country in Europe.
My 19, 15, 20, 6, 25, 23, is a city in France.
My 20, 16, 2, 13, 17, 13, 9, 22, is a river in the United States.
My 21, 25, 10, 4, is a city in Guatemala.
My 22, 13, 17, 5, 10, 19, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 23, 13, 6, 22, 11, is a county in New York.
My 24, 9, 26, 11, 20, 16, 8, is a city in Germany.
My 25, 5, 19, 15, is a volcanic mountain.
My 26, 16, 17, 1, 16, 13, 3, 2, 22, is a town in Delaware.

My whole is four contributors to this column of the "Post."

Martinsburg, Pa. WILLIS J. [illegible]

PROVERBIAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CLINTON.

I am composed of 80 letters.

My 37, 41, 25, 1, 55, 26, 61, 64, 46, 16, 7, 9, 23, 27, 30, 78, 59, 12, 53, 73, 60, 33, is a maxim applicable to all writers.
My 46, 31, 68, 71, 69, 74, 46, 51, 12, 32, 52, 56, is a maxim lawyers would do well to consider.
My 54, 28, 29, 60, 44, 10, 80, 62, 4, 79, 63, 3, 68, 10, 13, 14, 27, 61, 7, 53, 4, is a maxim for busybodies.
My 57, 49, 12, 6, 41, 5, 18, 77, 80, 24, 70, 42, 72, 67, 75, is a maxim often disregarded.
My 45, 28, 39, 75, 61, 62, 21, 74, 40, 19, 48, 43, 66, 11, 4, is a maxim for lovers.
My 69, 44, 76, 23, 37, 65, 16, 67, 45, 5, 64, 51, 72, 55, 48, 16, is a maxim for the ambitious.
My 19, 34, 35, 36, 49, 50, 75, 17, 5, 41, 64, 28, 27, 34, 38, 50, 67, 64, 65, 19, 18, 38, 34, 43, 27, 80, is a well-known proverb.
My 34, 54, 63, 62, 78, 10, 4, 14, 13, 12, 67, 72, 43, 49, is a maxim for rogues.
My 35, 72, 41, 52, 4, 58, 43, 22, 30, 39, 54, 63, 23, 29, 32, 65, 73, 17, 22, 18, 21, 1, 8, 57, 4, is a maxim applicable to rulers.

My whole was the opinion of an American statesman on the subject of war.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is found on battle fields,
In order trim displayed,
In which are brave and warlike men
Of every rank and grade.

My second does to order call,
In cities does abound;
In conflagrations it is heard,
Through all the streets around.

My whole a poet brings to view
Of some renown I wot;
His birth-place may be proud of him,
Scotland's the happy spot. NINA

New York.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is to select.
My second is an interjection.
My third is made use of by wild beasts.
My fourth is of a tawny color.
My whole is a celebrated battle-field in Europe.

East Shelby. HECTOR.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first in summer on land will grow,
And sometimes 'tis found upon your toe.
My second to winter is found on lakes,
And for the boys much pleasure it makes.
My whole on buildings can be found
At quite a distance from the ground.

Hornby, Steuben county, N. Y. MYRON.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Five equal circles touch each other externally, and enclose between the points of contact just one acre. Required the radii of the circles? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Venango Co., Pa.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A bottle of w